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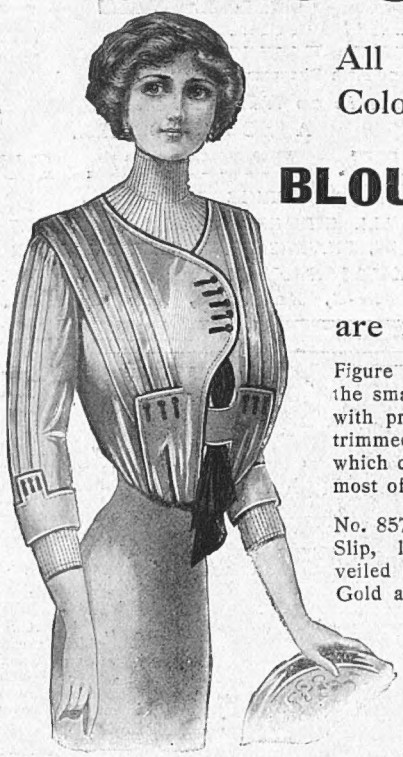

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THE PRINCE OF WALES GOES GROUSE SHOOTING

His Royal Highness, during his stay at Balmoral Castle, often joined the Royal shooting-parties, and is regarded by good judges as a very promising shot

(Exclusive Photograph by Mr. Ernest Brooks, published by Their Majesties' gracious permission)

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The Right Hon. Lord Faber, J.P., D.L., will preside at the seventy-first anniversary festival dinner in aid of the above funds, which will take place at De Keyser's Royal Hotel on "Hallowe'en," Monday, October 31, 1910. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Committee, or by the Newsvendors' Secretary, 16, Farringdon Street, E.C. Tickets for the dinner: ladies, 15s.; gentlemen, £1 1s.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Royal Guests

THE Marquis de Soveral, who, in the last reign, was always in Scotland when the King was there, the Marquise d'Hautpoul, Mr. Haldane, quite gay, apparently, that *Daily Mail* New Arm notwithstanding, and Rear-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, an old friend of the King's, are among the most recent visitors to Balmoral. They succeeded a cheery batch that included the inimitable Lord Rosebery, who, bad man, was thus unable to turn up at his grandson's (Dalmeny) christening; the oh! so eligible Lord Kitchener, now that he has a Jacobean country house; and the bright, bearded, and beaming Prince Henry of Prussia, all of whom, in combination, appear to have infused into the Balmoral *ménage* not a little of a certain constituent called by the vulgar "vim." Lord Kitchener was the guest of Their Majesties for a full week—a most unusually long period for anyone save a Cabinet Minister or a personal friend.

The Return of the Court

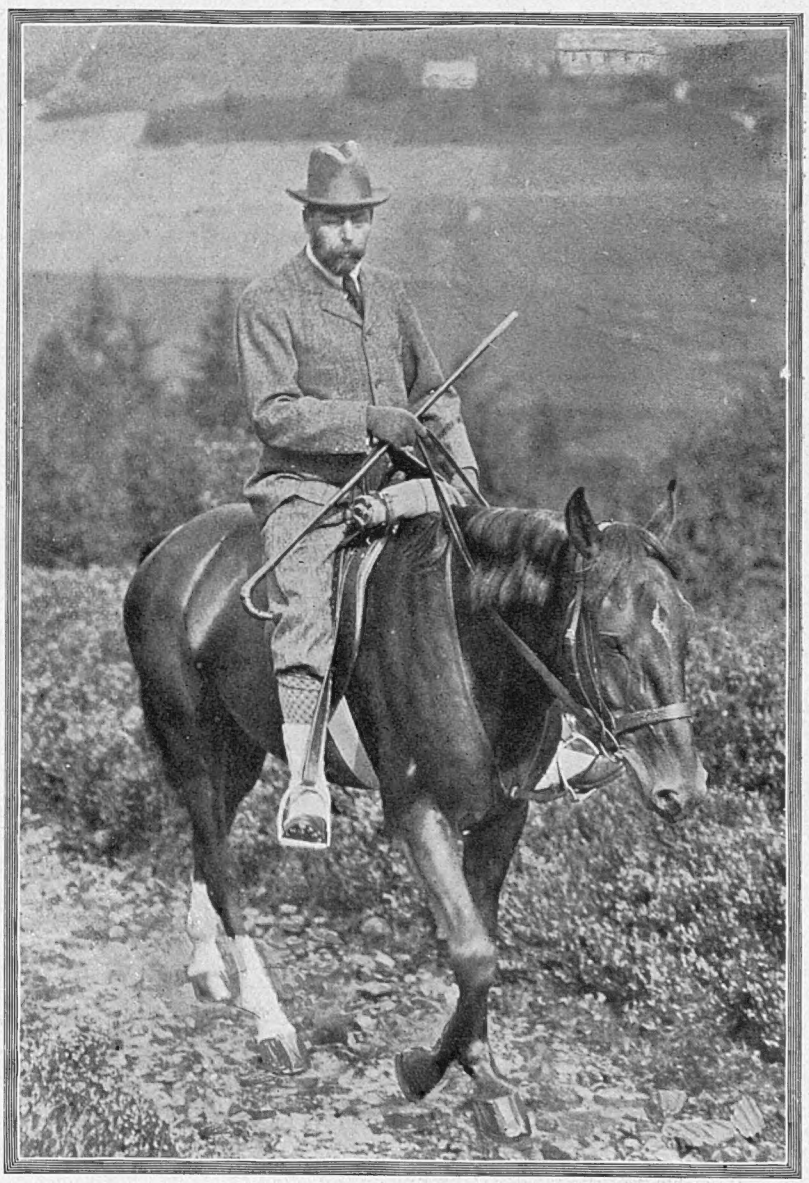
The three elder Princes have now all returned to their respective occupations in the South, and next week, with the rest of their family, the King and Queen will themselves, for a whole long year, leave Bonnie Scotland behind them. The Queen may possibly arrive in town a day or so before the King—the question of frocks and frills is a pressing one in October with all women, and there must necessarily be a family party of sorts before the Connaughts, who, by the way, fled precipitately from Lord Vernon's when Lady Errington's illness threatened infection, leave for South Africa on Monday week.

A Jockey Club Ukase

Who, I wonder, is really responsible for the autocratic ukase which the Jockey Club has just issued, forbidding any photographs to be taken in the enclosures at any race meetings under their control? The order, we are told, is the result of complaints of annoyance caused by the snapshotting of individuals. Of course, I can't deny it, it *is* a nuisance sometimes to have it pictorially advertised that that directors' meeting was held at Doncaster, or that one was just trying on the frock at Ascot instead of in Dover Street. On the other hand, the smiling countenances presented to the camera, not to mention the *rush* to purchase the perpetuated smiles, or feet, seem to argue that the annoyance caused by the non-snapshotting of individuals will be infinitely greater.

Schoolmasters of the Turf

As it is, attendance at race meetings is in some respects pleasantly reminiscent of our school-days. During the recent days of mourning the authorities at one great meeting demonstrated their authority, if not their sense of humour, by ordering that the races



King George on his Pony Riding to the Butts

His Majesty has thoroughly enjoyed his first stay at Balmoral as King. The shooting round the Castle has been excellent, and the King has been able to enjoy his favourite sport to the full

Following in His Royal Father's Footsteps: Prince Edward at the Butts

The Prince has taken to his father's favourite sport with ready enthusiasm. He never used a pony to travel between the butts, but preferred to walk, even up the steepest hills. In addition to shooting at Balmoral he has been trout-fishing and playing cricket with his brothers

(*Exclusive Photograph by Mr. Ernest Brooks, published by Their Majesties' gracious permission*)

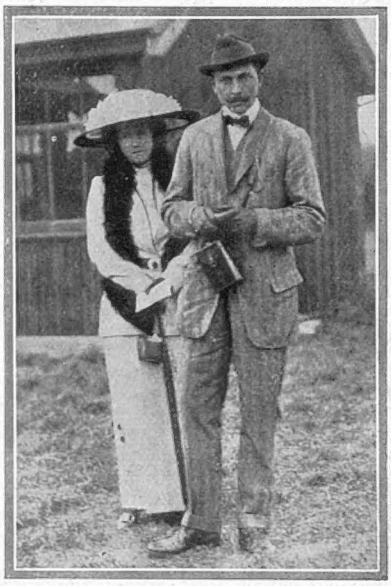
should be held just the same, but that black, and nothing but black, must be worn at them; and one lady who showed a spot of white, I forget whether it was a frill or the corner of her hankie, was rigidly excluded from the school —I mean the enclosure. Already the boys and girls all have to wear badges, or be ignominiously chucked out, and if there is a names-calling at Newmarket this week, with a short paper on form and 100 lines for those who back a wrong 'un, no one need be surprised.

All Scotch

The Northern Meeting at Inverness last week was, on the whole, I am inclined to think, very successful, and certainly appealed to those people who enjoy the love-

Lord and Lady Sempill

sick pipe and like to watch brawny Highlanders toss cabers and throw hammers and put stones. For my part, I am rather tired of these Highland revels, and find them distinctly boring. The Inverness Meeting is always the same. The hotels are crowded and Ritz prices are charged at third-rate places. One has to sleep in pokey bedrooms and snatch a bath when one can. The town—I beg pardon, the city—of Inverness is not remarkable for much beauty, and Society is decidedly cliquey. On the opening day of the meeting one repaired to a small field near the Cathedral, and listened to dismal wails on the pipes what time various Highland chieftains sat and looked on, apparently lost in admiration of the various laments and other doleful dirges droned out on the bagpipes. At one o'clock everyone dispersed for luncheon, only to meet again immediately afterwards and watch tiresome games and sports. McFungus of this met McTavish of that and



The Earl and Countess of Rothes

POPULAR PEOPLE AT PERTH HUNT RACES

Sir Robert Moncreiffe and the Marquis of Tullibardine (left)

enthused upon this and that, and Mrs. McFungus of this had a few words to say to Mrs. McTavish of that, and everyone looked bored, and dispersed for tea. After tea one strolled about the town—I beg pardon, the city—then proceeded to dress for the hotel *table d'hôte*, and afterwards meet at the Northern Meeting Rooms, where strange dances and stranger noises went on until almost daybreak. Such is a Highland meeting!

Gloom and Kilts

At Perth there was some pony and galloway racing in the grounds of Scone Palace last week, and the clans—very dandily dressed, by the way—assembled and pretended to take the keenest interest in the racing. There was dancing at night on exactly the same lines as those at Inverness, and there was much wearing of kilts and tartan ribbons, and the very exclusive people danced together, whilst the humbler folk looked on and marvelled greatly. One Highland meeting is very much like another,

The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull

and I must confess they are all terribly dull. I suppose after this candid confession the Highland chieftains will write, demanding my head on a charger. I am grieved, very grieved, but I cannot help writing what I feel on the subject. I have been to many such meetings, and always come away feeling despondent and gloomy. So, perhaps, after this outspoken diatribe I shall feel better.

Autumn Hopeful

What about the autumn season in London? I have an idea that it will be a very cheery one. We have suffered a good deal in silence this summer in London, and richly deserve better times

so I hope, madame, you intend throwing open your house and inviting us all to some kind of revelry or other. There are plenty of spring débutantes waiting for brighter autumn times, and it will not do to disappoint them. There are to be brave doings at the Opera, and most people are awaiting October and November with some degree of confidence.

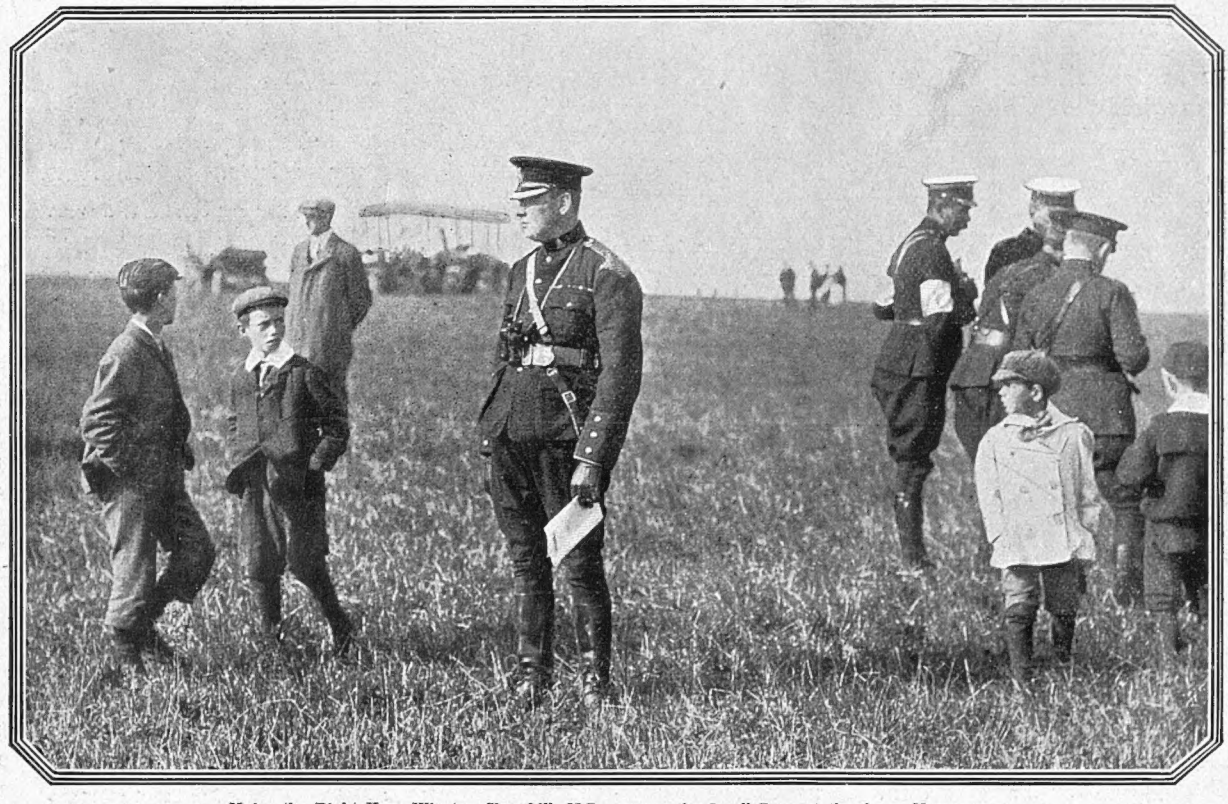
Fashion Prospects

The autumn meetings at Newmarket are, it is said, to be brighter than those held last July. This ought not to be a difficult matter to arrange. All the big houses in the district are to be opened, and I am told large parties have already been bidden. I trust I am not wrongly informed. If all goes well we shall see what we shall see in the way of autumn fashions at the Second October Meeting. I hope, madame, you have ordered a shawl for this meeting, because I am informed that shawls are to be much worn; and let us hope that we have seen the last of the 30*s*. musquash coat. I vow I never got so tired of any fashion, and am eagerly looking forward to what can be done in the revival of the shawl.

Captain Bertram Dickson (centre)
The British Army's official aerial scout, explaining the lay of the enemy's land to officers at the manœuvres

"Twerting"

That famous *raconteur*, Mr. Ure, has been speaking—or, rather, "twerting"—at Twerton, which is near Bath. "Twerting" is a fair word for talking at a time when there is nothing to talk about. Mr. Austin Chamberlain has also been "twerting" at Birmingham. Both of them referred to the Conference, and both in some measure fanned up the fire of conflict. Neither are to be blamed. To tack all round a subject and hurt nobody's feelings is a prerogative of Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Balfour alone. The local associations are at fault. They want speeches, and must have 'em to keep the game going. Hence all this unnecessary and futile "twerting." Mr. Churchill cannot "twert"; he is too much of a firebrand. It is just as well, during the period of truce, that he should put on his uniform and follow the Army manœuvres.

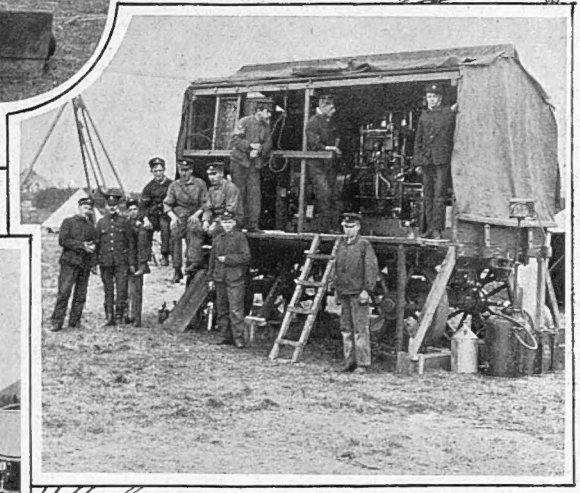


Major the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., among the Small Boys at the Army Manœuvres

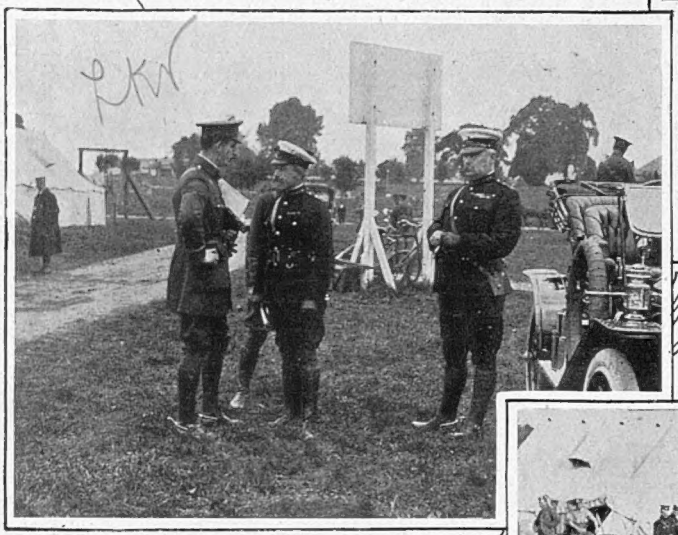
It is not on record that Mr. Churchill actually used the immortal injunction "Go away, you boys!" to the young scouts (in mufti), but he looks decidedly hipped over their inquisitive attentions

The Army About its Business

The Field Repair Shops at the Manœuvres

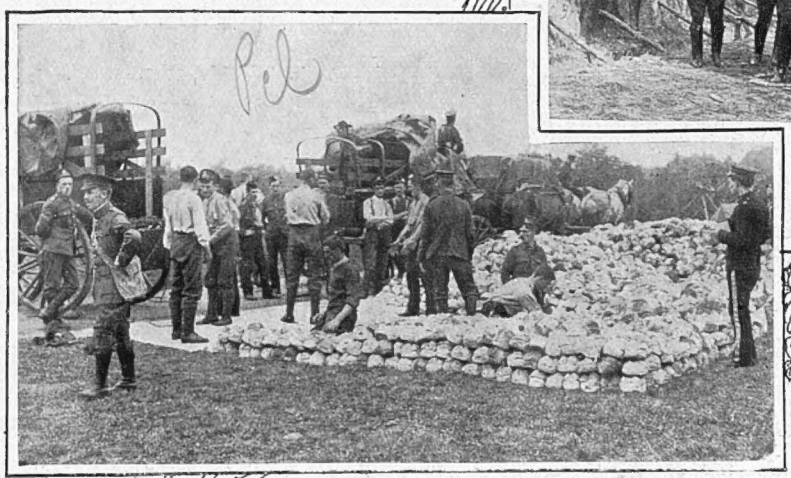


Electric-Light Plant for Supplying Light to Bakery and Field Repair Shops



Major-Gen. C. E. Heath, Director of Transports and Remounts (centre)

General Sir John French Inspecting the Bakery: 24,000 2lb. Loaves were Made and Cooked in One Day



Loading the Transport Waggons with Bread

It is quite pleasant to note that our Army is manœuvring and "getting ready" with just the same enthusiasm as the French and Germans. The regular Army's performances in the field do not nowadays receive nearly so much attention as those of the Territorials, and "The Bystander" considers that it is doing a real patriotic duty in exposing the gratifying activities of our first military line

The Cassel Loan Sensation

The threatened Cassel loan to Turkey, in opposition to French policy, is one of the things that would not have even been talked of had King Edward still been in the midst of things. The British Government, of course, cannot officially control financiers of British nationality from turning an honest million or so when so "dispoged," however much our relations with our allies may thereby suffer. When, however, King Edward was with us, we had an unofficial as well as an official foreign policy. We were able to manipulate men and matters behind the scenes, and as a result we did not risk our alliances and our reputation for good faith. For England to finance Turkey, in order that that Empire might become a member of the Triple Alliance, order German Dreadnoughts, and be in a position to play the German game against ourselves, Russia, France, and Italy, would have been one of those colossal blunders that befog the faculties, and its avoidance, at the eleventh hour, is a much-needed feather in the cap of the Foreign Secretary.

Wanted: A New Foreign Secretary

Frankly, "Sir Grey" is not the man to deal with the present European pickle. His simplicity and honesty would be better occupied at—say—the Home Office. One sighs for a little of the wisdom of the serpent at Downing Street. I wonder what sort of Foreign Secretary, by the way, Mr. Lloyd George would make? As a manipulator of men he has shown considerable skill. He knows the Continent, and has a sympathetic personality and a persuasive manner. He is notoriously pacific, too, though he seems never to be afraid to speak out when he has a mind. He settled the railway strike, he bluffed the Opposition, bamboozled Mr. Redmond, and, with his pleasant bedside manner, has made even Form Four *seem* to be a pure delight. Such talents, if diverted from home to foreign politics, might restore our European position.

The Brussels Awakening

I really must modify those remarks of a BYSTANDER contributor in a recent issue anent British "waking up" at foreign Expositions. I think he wrote without a proper understanding of the facts. In general, I certainly dislike artificial hustling over Exhibitions or anything else, but our men at Brussels are not hustlers. They are dreamers awakened—which is something altogether more picturesque. They are looking at Exhibitions as a means of bringing English art and thought into sympathy with the Continent, and the very presence, in this movement, of Lord Lytton is a guarantee against vulgar commercialism. I was, with many others, particularly proud to see what was done within one month to reincarnate ourselves after the Brussels fire. We are no longer non-existent at the Exhibition, but have a section which, in artistic interest, is remarkable, seeing the short time it has taken to design and construct. The idea of reconstructing after the fire was that of Mr. Wintour, the Royal Commissioner, and the result has been to impress the Belgians with British pluck, resource, and energy to the lasting benefit of our reputation among that shrewd and enterprising people.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Viscountess Tiverton

Who has just given birth to a daughter. She is the Earl of Halsbury's daughter-in-law

Lord Yarmouth's Play

I went to see *The Pigeon House*, a play in three acts with music by the Earl of Yarmouth, at the Court Theatre last week. Well! There would be precious little excuse for such a piece even if it had been staged as an acknowledged amateur production given in the cause of charity. But when it is boldly flaunted as a business proposition at a West-End theatre, with full West-End prices obtaining, one has to be severe. The plot I won't attempt to describe—I can't quite make up my mind as to what it is. The scenery looked as if it had seen happier days. It was sad to see such a charming actress as Miss Iris Hoey wasting her considerable talent in such a rôle as that of the young wife, but her singing, as always, was delightful, and somewhat atoned for a dreary evening. Miss Jane Eyre did the best she could as the adventuress widow, while Mr. Ivan Berlyn might be quite good as the funny man if he didn't overdo it so. My Lord of Yarmouth —I beg his pardon, Mr. Eric Hope — is himself the hero of the piece.

This Week's Wonders

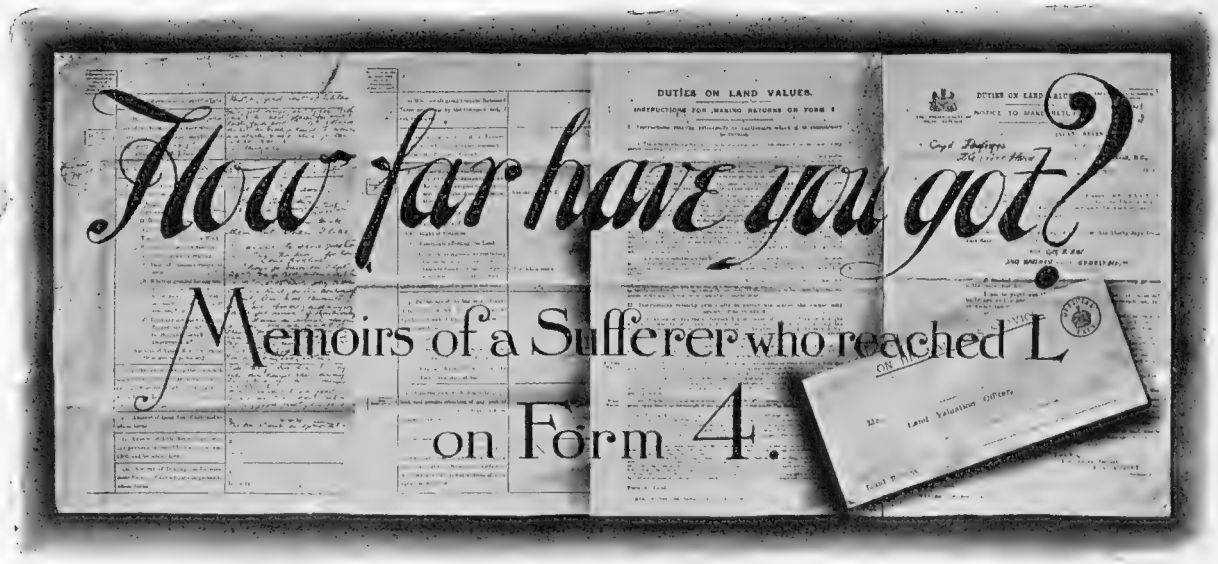
They are wondering why the Countess gave herself such airs at Inverness last week. They are wondering why the Marquis is so down upon his relations. They are wondering why the Marchioness's family don't assert themselves a little more. They are wondering why the "lady" was asked to leave the hotel in Paris. They are wondering whether mourning has improved the ducal manners. They are wondering whether the Duchess really took honours in "Mods." They are wondering whether the photograph of a certain well-known couple was faked. They are wondering whether the Jockey Club really mean to assert themselves about the photographs. They are wondering whether he will go on racing next year. They are wondering whether she really caught all the salmon shown in the photograph this year. They are wondering how they really liked him in New York. They are wondering how they liked the suburban play, and if they were unobserved in the stage-box.

The Rising of the British Phœnix

FROM THE ASHES OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

INAUGURAL LUNCHEON OF THE RECONSTITUTED BRITISH SECTION AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION HELD AT THE KAISERHOF RESTAURANT IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS. INSET IS A PICTURE OF KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM MAKING A SPEECH, IN WHICH HE WARMLY CONGRATULATED THE BRITISH EXHIBITORS ON THEIR TRIUMPH

When the fire occurred some weeks ago at the Brussels Exhibition the British Section was totally destroyed. The exhibitors, with real British pluck, at once set about rebuilding their section. The man who urged the reconstructing was Mr. Wintour, Royal Commissioner for the Exhibition, and the work has been done in one month. King Albert, in opening the section, spoke most enthusiastically of this triumph of British determination



How far have you got?

Memoirs of a Sufferer who reached L on Form 4.

WHERE are you now? I've reached L.

It came on the 1st—just after an early breakfast on account of the opening of the partridge shooting season.

We didn't pay much attention to it that morning, but I saw there were four pages of questions, with explanations in brackets, and some more papers explaining the explanations (which seemed thoughtful).

"Ah, I'll rattle through this this evening," said I, feeling for my fountain-pen.

The two men staying with me wanted me to play billiards after dinner that night, but I begged half an hour off to get rid of the thing.

The first inquiry was—"Number of Poor Rate!" Now, whoever in the world knows that? I know my telephone number, my car number, and my size in hats, gloves, and boots. I asked my wife. She smiled coldly, thought I ought to keep notes, and perhaps the gardener knew.

He didn't. Nor did the chauffeur, nor the knife-boy. The latter, indeed, was distinctly hipped at being asked.

I began to feel nervous. Failure to fill in the Form to the best of your ability may earn you a fine of £50. Had a happy thought, and brought in my guests (and Cynthia) to hold a council of war. Cynthia said, "Think of a number, just as you do at the stores." George was in favour of multiplying my age by thirteen, and Dallas thought I ought to advertise in his paper in the Wants column.

After three hours' discussion, the others lost their tempers and went to bed. I had a headache, but I risked a long shot at 1.30 a.m. 33355! How's that? It's a "full house," anyway.

The next day was very wet, and I got to work before breakfast. Soon in trouble. Got to a note which explains that everything you say must have been true on April 30, 1909, no matter what's happened since.

Asked Cynthia if she knew in what parish or parishes our property was situated on April 30, 1909. Cynthia very testy. Didn't know and didn't want to know. Asked George and Dallas if they know what parishes they lived in. They dig in the Albany, and they gave me to understand that I was not a little insulting. Does any London man know what parish he lives in? I live in Kent; that's enough for me. There's a village two miles along the road, but I've never stopped the car to ask what they call it. Had a topping notion after Cynthia and the men had sulked off. "For parish, see post-mark." What?

Some of the questions are easy. For instance, this one—"Date of commencement of term." Well, the boys always go back at the end of August, thank God, unless infectious.

I wanted the others to come in the library and help after breakfast, or at least do a little bit of measuring round the hedges, but they simply looked through me. Selfish. Never mind. Got all the servants up. Two of the maids giggled all the time, but the butler seemed a sensible chap.

First I had to find out if the property is freehold, copyhold, or leasehold. I'm dashed if I know, really. It's mine. But, unfortunately, it wasn't mine on April 30, 1909. I bought it the day after. So that if I say I'm the owner, if I put my Christian name and surname down as occupier, I'm committing perjury. The butler came to the rescue just before lunch (which was cold and late because I had the cook in the library all the morning) and suggested that I should just skip it and pretend I had overlooked it if they got out a warrant against me. (Note: Raise the butler's wages.)

Between lunch and dinner we tackled Sub-section (ii) of Section (3) of Super-Section (*d*) of Supreme Section I. Roughly, I made it out that what they wanted was the name of the man I was going to sell or give the property to if at any time I didn't want it. That little matter took four days. George and Dallas went back to London, and Cynthia stormed off to upset the youngsters at school. (Idiotic the way mothers hang round their boys' schools nowadays.)

In the end I wrote down Mr. Lloyd George's name. That ought to calm him. He can hardly be rude to me if he's got to buy the property whenever I choose. (I don't mind admitting it was the butler who thought of that).

By September 10 I had got to (*g*). Since the 1st I have had no shooting, and I'm not sure that I haven't got a fever coming on. Cynthia had the cheek to send a reply prepaid wire that morning, "How many pages have you done?"

I've paid a firm in Tonbridge to come out and

The Travail of the Taxed

STUDY OF AN ARISTOCRATIC LANDOWNER ENGAGED IN FILLING IN HIS "DUTIES ON LAND VALUES" RETURN, OFFICIALLY DESCRIBED AS FORM 4

BY H. M. BATEMAN

measure the land. You have to give it in acres, roods, perches, and yards, and if I had done it myself I'm sure I should have got a yard or so out, especially as Cynthia point-blank declined to hold the other end of the tape.

On the 12th I tackled (*h*), having my meals brought into the library, and put by me while I worked. (*h*) is a specious affair. There are about ten sub-questions in it, and if you happen to have any farms or cottages you don't live in yourself, and therefore absolutely have to let, you suffer. I've given all my tenants notice. I'm not going to fill in all this stifling rot about their rents next year. I finished (*h*) on Sunday, the 18th. (Cynthia thinks that I'm beginning to get careless about my personal appearance). I did (*i*) and (*k*) on Monday and Tuesday (there is no *j*, I'm glad to say), just snatching odd moments for meals. There are ten more days in the month, and I think I can do it. I've got the swing of it now. The cook's gone. I noticed a question about the minerals away ahead on page 4, and I asked her to give me an estimate of the sodas, lemons, potashes, and number of lumps of coal that she had in her possession on April 30, 1909. She resigned at once, and I don't blame her.

There's only about a page and a half left, thank Heaven. Half of the last page is optional. I suppose those questions are added in case one goes mad and simply cannot stop filling up forms. . . . It's good of them to think of that. . . . I feel I don't care now.

Now for (*l*) :—

Amount of tithe rent-charge or of any payment in lieu of tithes for the year 1909, and by whom borne.

Sweet, sweet September!

B. M. H.

INCONSEQUENCES

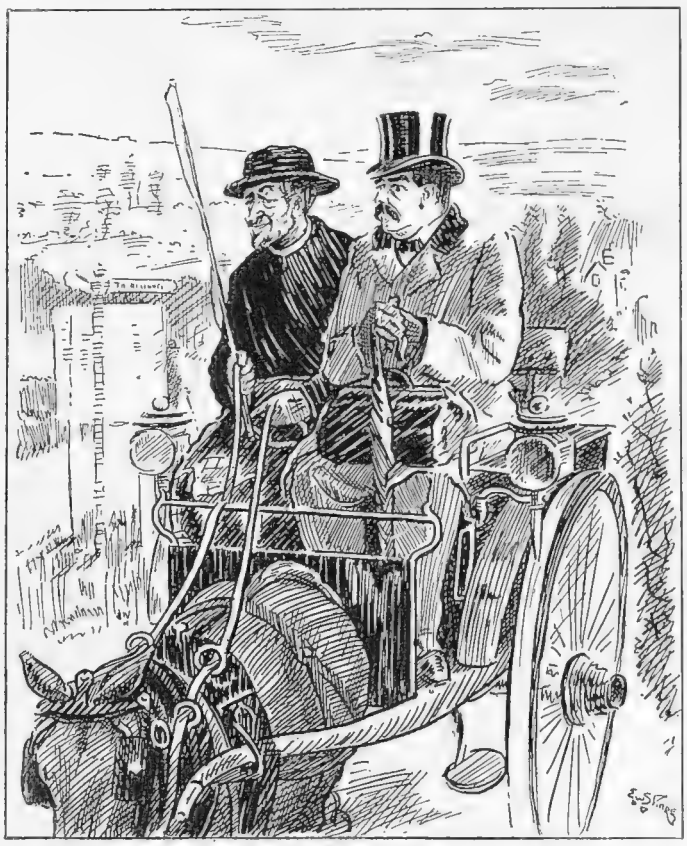
"HOW to Fall from an Aeroplane" is told in a contemporary. Other articles of the series will be on "When and Where to Skid," "Hints to Rinkers on Falling," and "Puncturing, and All About It."

* * *

UNION Jacks are to be removed from all recruiting stations. It was felt that a party flag like this, of a Jingo, inflammatory character, was brutalising and, in an offensive sense, anti-German. In future a black flag will be flown during business hours and the "Dead March" played on the acceptance of a new recruit. Down with England!

* * *

AMERICA, according to a Shanghai paper, will do much to determine the future language of China. We are told by an Oriental scholar that "nicee-nicee" will be shortly replaced by the more idiomatic "bully," the salutation, "Have you eaten your rice?" will be translated "Say, stran-ger!" and "chin-chin pidgin" will be rendered colloquially "Whoop-he, Hooray!" Instead of apologising for the imbecile absurdities of his moth-eaten, one-horse country, the modern Celestial will observe, "What's wrong with China? China's all right!" and then eject, casually but with accuracy, a charge of tobacco-juice. Wake up, China!



The Wrong Metaphor

CITY MAN (*who is late for his train, and has asked his Rector to give him a lift to the station*): "So sorry to give the pony your heaviest parishioner to carry, but 'Needs Must,' you know, when—er——" (*awkward pause*)

By E. W. SHORE

* * *

ENGLAND being now infested with spies, why not have a battalion of the German Secret Service to attend the Coronation in uniform, with artillery, aeroplanes, and a band?

* * *

AMONG the strong points of the French Army, Mr. Hilaire Belloc notes "in the proportion of sickness both among men and beasts under a strain it is pre-eminent." In dearth of recruits, however, England still bravely holds her own, and we have a commanding lead over all the Continental nations in useless waste of horses, while in deficiency in aeroplanes we have almost established a three-power standard.

* * *

TRADE Union officials just at present remind us of the man in the French Revolution seen walking dejectedly after a procession. "I must follow them," he explained in a pathetic voice to a friend, "I'm their leader."

Deer - Netting

A NOVEL AND HUMANE METHOD OF CAPTURING ANIMALS

Mr. F. A. Newdigate-Newdegate, M.P., of Arbury Park, Nuneaton, has just presented three deer from his estate to a friend, and a novel method was employed to capture the animals, which were specially "marked." The herd was driven towards a net hung loosely between two supports, so that in the ordinary way all the deer could easily jump over it. However, when one of the "marked" deer approached, the net was suddenly drawn taut and the animal rushed into its meshes

ONE OF THE MARKED DEER CLEVERLY NETTED

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"A WOMAN'S WAY" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

THE fact that this play is of American origin explains many things that would be otherwise not so easy to understand. Alan Waldron is a young man of good intentions but variegated morals, who has been for a drive in his motor-car with a fair friend, and has met with an accident *en route*. The sensational newspaper reporters, in the course of their investigations, have discovered that, although Alan is a married man, the lovely woman who was his companion in the car was not his wife. Who was she? That is what the reporters want to know. In the meantime they publish the facts, as far as they have them, for all the world to read, and promise to give due publicity to the first news of the divorce proceedings, which it is naturally concluded that Mrs. Waldron will institute. I don't know how it is in America, but if the Press of this country made a practice of describing motor tours made by men with women other than their wives, there would be no room for any real news in the paper at all. Still, from what I have heard of America, it seems a fairly enlightened country, and I should have thought horsewhips were procurable out there. There is no more wholesomely restraining influence on the sensational reporter's enthusiasm than the knowledge that someone will be waiting outside for him afterwards.

THE weakness of the play lies in the assumption that in this country women can secure a divorce merely because their husbands have taken the wrong turning—to steal a metaphor from modern classics. In America, I believe, you can get a divorce from your husband if you can prove to the satisfaction of a sympathetic jury that he eats peas with a knife, or sleeps with his mouth open. In the course of the amusing Royal Commission on Divorce, which was so much discussed recently, one of our magistrates, if I remember rightly, committed himself to the jovial opinion that men will be men or something of that sort, and that they are not to be blamed for the fact. Alan Waldron, however, takes his little trouble very seriously, and if he does not command our wholehearted sympathy it is only because the situation in which he finds himself is practically impossible in this country. I do not know very much about journalism it is true; but I find it hard to believe that a newspaper reporter would be allowed to intrude himself into a West-End drawing-room and question an offending man's wife as to the identity of his paramour. That is what the reporter does in the present play, and nobody flays him alive or even urges him over the doorstep by the usual method of abrupt propulsion from the rear. Modern journalism is a weird industry, but I believe that the British variety has not quite reached the stage indicated yet, although we are a progressive race, and one really never knows.

MRS. WALDRON'S family call on her in great excitement to sympathise with her in the hour of her affliction, in spite of the fact that she keeps very cheerful under her sufferings; and for the life of me I cannot see any lasting shame in the fact that her husband has given a strange charmer a ride in his car. Perhaps, however, my moral susceptibilities have become blunted from long misuse. It is true that his companion is a widow—and we know what widows are!—but to my immature mind it is a new system of logic which deduces from the fact of a man's ride in a car with a widow that the worst must have happened. Mrs. Waldron's sympathisers at once jump to the conclusion that she will commence divorce proceedings forthwith, but she herself is probably deterred from this course by the pertinent objection that she has no case. She takes the extreme step of inviting the fascinating widow to her house to meet her family and close friends; and by degrees it transpires that at least three of the gentlemen present have met the widow before, and are sufficiently intimate acquaintances to be privileged to call her by her pet name. This discovery by Mr. Alan Waldron naturally robs the fair widow of much of her romantic aspect in his eyes; and Mrs. Waldron asks no more than that.

THEN we come to General Dundas, Mrs. Waldron's justly indignant father. He arrives at the house in a great hurry to take his unhappy daughter back to the paternal home, and there is a fine show of holy anger and pious grief about the manner in which he refers to the behaviour of his daughter's husband. He gives us to understand that he will meet the widow and show his distaste for her tactics; but in the end he becomes like Goldsmith's deserted villagers, who came to scoff and remained to pray. In other words, the gallant General no sooner sets eyes on the lovely widow than he crowds her into a corner of the room and commences to regale her with humorous anecdotes of his youth, and any other kind of hilarious conversation calculated to win a share of her comprehensive affections. The General, who is the only strongly drawn character in the piece, is quite magnificently represented by Mr. Edmund Maurice. I felt my heart warming for him every time he bounced into the room, or bounced out of it—in pursuit of the wily widow.

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE distinguishes herself in the part of Mrs. Waldron, the injured wife who quietly and without the least emphasis easily proves her superiority over her husband, both as regards morals and common sense. There is a lightness about her performance which is extremely agreeable, and she is charmingly natural all the while. As Mrs. Verney, the enterprising widow who has caused so much trouble, and who looks like causing a good deal more before she has done, Miss Marguerite Leslie has the distinct advantage of looking the part of an extremely attractive young lady. I do not, of course, defend Mr. Waldron's behaviour, but having seen the lady for myself I certainly feel justified in throwing him on the mercy of the court. Mrs. Waldron, having proved to our satisfaction that the widow is no better than she should be (which of us, alas, is?), calls for the lady's carriage and bows her coldly off the premises. It may be a mere coincidence, or it may not, that most of the gentlemen find an excuse for getting away about the same time. The play is bright and amusing.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt: A Reproduction of Mlle. Louise Abbema's Famous Painting

The great French tragedienne is now appearing at the Coliseum in a selection from her répertoire

"THE SINS OF LONDON"

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THIS play is probably now being presented in a different form from that which engaged our attention at the first performance, when the curtain fell some time after midnight. The story is told in four acts and fourteen scenes; and if you are so minded, you may see the lot for sixpence, which is not an extravagant charge for so liberal an entertainment, especially as it includes, like another famous drama, a Great Bedroom Scene, which seems to be an indispensable item in the popular drama of to-day. If we are to conclude that this play is a faithful and complete picture of the sins of London, as its title would seem to indicate, London is clearly nothing like so wicked as some of its harsher critics have alleged. The only part that deals with sin to anything like an objectionable extent is the first scene of the second act, where we are shown the stylish flat of a lady of no importance, among whose guests are several people who ought to be in prison. I should think, however, that the author will now take this scene out of his play, which in other respects is quite wholesome, and even pretty. There is a very effective shipwreck in Act I., and the spectacle of a huge audience enthusiastically cheering the rolling waves as they engulf the ill-fated vessel has its value for the student of human nature. Then there is a romantic scene on the desert island upon which the hero and heroine have been cast, together with a comic steward (for the sake of avoiding awkward questions). As the heroine is an heiress, it follows that wicked attempts will be made to force her to marry against her will for the sake of her money, and it follows just as surely that the gallant hero will arrive at the church in time to prevent this crowning disaster. All of which things happen in their right order. There are also one or two ingenious novelties in the way of sinful outbreaks on the part of the villain, one of them being the theft of five thousand pounds by means of a "blank transfer." I was, however, unable to follow this transaction very closely, as I don't know how you get a blank transfer or how you manage to prevent it from going back to your brokers after you have executed it. It is also news to me that a man of business will readily accept a share transfer in place of the usual certificate. Still, it may be all right; and I never did profess to know everything. And as I take it that the majority of the spectators of *The Sins of London* have only a restricted opportunity of learning the difference between a share transfer and a railway time-table, nobody is likely to complain. There is a lot of very good material in this play, and, no doubt, when it has been reduced to normal proportions, it will be a strong attraction for the playgoers for whom it would appear to have been carefully and specially designed.

JINGLE.

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

Vivette with her Account Books

"I AM perfectly certain that there is a smudge of ink on the tip of my nose," said Vivette. That, of course, caused considerable delay. "If you want the accounts done before dinner," she said, when we had gathered up the hairpins and the usual conjuring tricks had been done with them, "you had better go and sit in that chair by the window and let me get on with my work." Five minutes afterwards I missed Vivette, looked up from my book and thought I must have been asleep over it, for the other end of the room looked as though it was cleaning day. Then one of Vivette's curls appeared over the top of a stack of papers. "I am very unhappy," said a small voice under the curl. Vivette was busy with the books of our household of two and a *bonne*, and the trouble was Vivette's peculiar system of book-keeping.

I do not in any way pretend to understand the whole of it, but in a general and superficial manner it appears, to the mere man, to be a combination of an intricate mnemonic system with a history of the neighbourhood. The accounts I learned to do consisted of too large a debit side, and a credit side which nothing would ever fill up. Vivette does not believe in such commonplace accounts as these. Her trouble that afternoon was that she knew that she had paid the baker forty-seven francs and fifteen centimes because she hadn't anything smaller than fifty francs to pay it with, and had, therefore, taken a five-franc piece out of my pocket ("because my husband is so ridiculously careless that we shall sleep upon straw one day"), borrowed two francs from Marie, the *bonne*, found fifteen centimes in her postage-stamp box, and then realised that all this was no use because she hadn't got the forty francs, and the baker had not ten francs change. "And yet I know I paid the bill," said Vivette, "and I ought to have thirty-one francs forty-five more than I've got, and if my husband loved me at all, he would stop laughing and help me out of my trouble."

Five minutes later, when I had cleared up the baker mystery (he had got himself mixed with the fruiterer, "whose little name is Alphonse too"), we had nineteen francs thirty-five more than we ought to have had on the washing account. "That," said Vivette, "is perfectly absurd. See, then! I have my washing book!" And she produced a little volume bound in red. I opened it. "Remember to go to the galleries Lafayette to match——" "No, no!" said Vivette, "on the other page!" But when I began to read the list of Vivette's confidences to the washerwoman, they seemed so horribly improper that I could hardly speak for laughing. "Besides," I said, "you haven't any figures down against the——" "*Chut!*" said Vivette, and covered up as much of my mouth as she could with a velvety little hand. "I believe there's a caterpillar down my back, there's something horribly creepy crawly," was her next remark, made, as I have since understood, to gain time.

After an interlude, however, I got back to the vexed question of the washing. "You've got down eight *faux cols*" (the French *will* call their collars false) "*homme*"—(I am the *homme*)—I said, "but you don't say what she charged you for washing them." "*Cette idée!*" said Vivette. "As if everybody didn't know that the price of a collar was a penny to wash." "Oh!" I said, "you know the prices by heart——" "Except when she overcharges me, and that she always does, that woman," said Vivette. "*Mais figure toi*, she has a baby of three years, and her husband is not the father of that baby. He beats her sometimes, but her price for fine work is ridiculous. And there is not a button on my white lace camisole at all." "What on earth is a camisole?" I asked. "Anything like a ch——" "Certainly not," said Vivette. "You are terrible, you English, when you put yourselves to it. *Le shocking ne vous choque pas du tout*, then you others!" "But," I ventured, "if the washerwoman *over*charges you, you ought not to have nineteen francs thirty-five too much on her account, ought you?" "*Tiens*," said Vivette, "I never thought of that." And then she ran into the other room to get her watch.

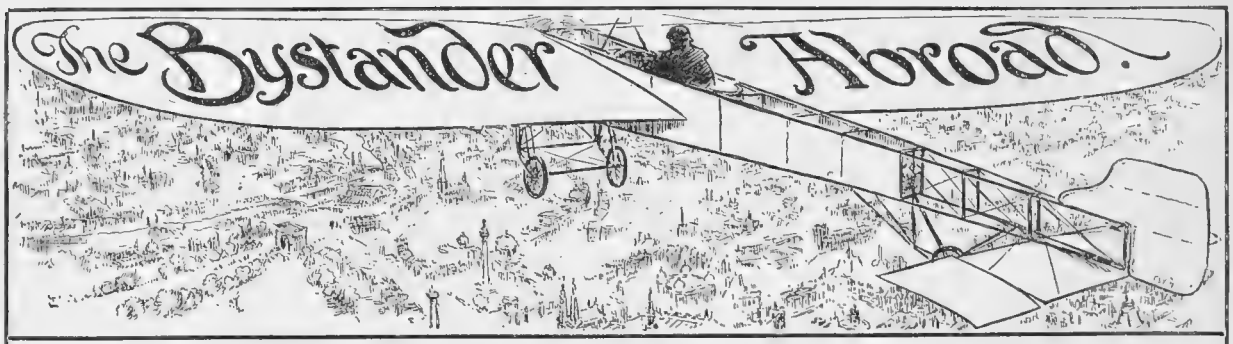
Whenever I bring out one of those brutal bits of logic which—(I quote Vivette)—"which nobody but a man would think of," my wife wants her back scratched, loses her keys, or goes to find a watch which must, I think, have clockwork outside as well as in it, it gets about the house so. I went to help her find that watch, and we were both very tumbled when she found that she had been wearing it the whole time. "Don't you think," I said, "that we had better clear away that heap of papers before Marie comes in to lay the dinner?" Vivette looked at me with as much horror as though I had suggested wringing the canary's neck. "*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "Clear up my papers when my accounts are almost ready! But if you touch them, unfortunate one, they will never be done, the accounts, never!" And Vivette shook a finger at me, after kissing it first to show me that she wasn't really angry at my crass stupidity. "But I have an idea," she said presently. "We have nineteen francs thirty-five centimes which we have stolen from that unhappy washerwoman. Let us go out and spend it on a dinner at a restaurant. Then I will tell Marie she need not touch the table."

Dissembling Nature

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

A DECEPTIVE MIRROR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CARISBROOKE, I. OF W.

So perfect is the reflection in the water that it is not easy to tell which way the picture should be held up



The Rumour Concerning Roumania: The Bulgarian Attitude: A Smart Balkan Army

Roumania and Turkey

The French *Matin's* much-discussed statement as to the existence of a secret military treaty between Roumania and Turkey reminds one of a statement published by the *Matin* some years ago as to the relations of France and Germany, which rapidly made a similar round of Europe and then fizzled out. Anybody who knows the situation in the Near East will agree that if military treaties have to be made among the Balkan Powers at all, the Roumanians, who have never forgiven Russia for taking away their fertile corn-producing Bessarabia, and given them a swamp in its place, will tend to drift into the anti-Russian camp. Bulgarians, on the other hand, cannot forget that to Russia they owe their independence, and that if they ever had trouble with Turkey, it would be to Russia they would have to look for protection. If it be true that Bulgaria and Greece have been coquetting with each other, the natural counter-move would be a *rapprochement* between the Roumanians, who hate the Greeks, and have just been having trouble with them, and the Turks.

The New Chinese Minister for London, Liu-Yu-Lin, and his Daughter

The new Minister was Consul-General in the Transvaal when the coolies were employed in the mines, and was not long ago appointed Junior Deputy Vice-President of the Ai-Wu-Pu (Chinese Foreign Office). He is a diplomatist of considerable experience, is very well off, and of excellent presence and address

Wary Bulgaria

There is, in fact, undoubtedly a friendly feeling between the Roumanians and Turks. They have been exchanging visits, both official and unofficial. The last, that of the Grand Vizier to Bucharest, suggests that something more has been done than mere speech-making; but that does not necessarily follow, and the prudent policy which has been pursued by King Charles excludes all idea of a signed agreement of any kind. The present Turkish Minister at Bucharest, Sefa Bey, is an exceptionally clever Albanian, and one of the few experienced officials of the old *régime* who, like Hilmi Pasha and Turkhan Pasha, did not compromise themselves beyond the possibility of their services being utilised by the new *régime*. Some time ago we pointed out how vast the dreams of some Bulgarians are, and we published a map of Greater Bulgaria as conceived by ardent patriots. Such a dream is by no means calculated to inspire confidence on the other side of the Danube. But the Tsar Ferdinand is as prudent as his fellow-Sovereign of Roumania, and in making up his new Ministry he has taken care to avoid creating any impression that would excite the suspicions of other Balkan States. The last thing that he would expose his country to is a war with Roumania.

The Roumanian Army

No army in Europe of its size is so well trained and capable as the Roumanian. When I was there I could have fancied I was in Germany; the strapping, brisk, handsome fellows whom I saw marching off to the manœuvres were more like a crack Prussian regiment than any I have seen elsewhere. No money is wasted in putting the officers into pretty uniforms. You hardly ever see them but in working garments, and work they do from morning till night as nowhere else out of Prussia. They are first-rate horsemen, and their infantry have all the *élan* of the French.

A Ballon d'Essai?

Connected with the unrest which has arisen out of the Creto-Greek question is the failure in Paris of the negotiations for a new Hungarian loan. It is obvious that the French Government would not view with favour a loan which would be available for a war in which France's ally, Russia, might be involved. Nor will the French Government allow the Turks to have money for military adventures of any kind, especially after the attitude of Young Turks respecting the Tunisian Protectorate. If Turkey obtains a loan in France it will be in return for guarantees and a settlement which will secure French rights wherever difficulties with the Turks are possible. Hakhi Pasha, who was in Paris at the time of the *Matin's* sensational article, may have inspired it as a *ballon d'essai* and warning to the Greeks.

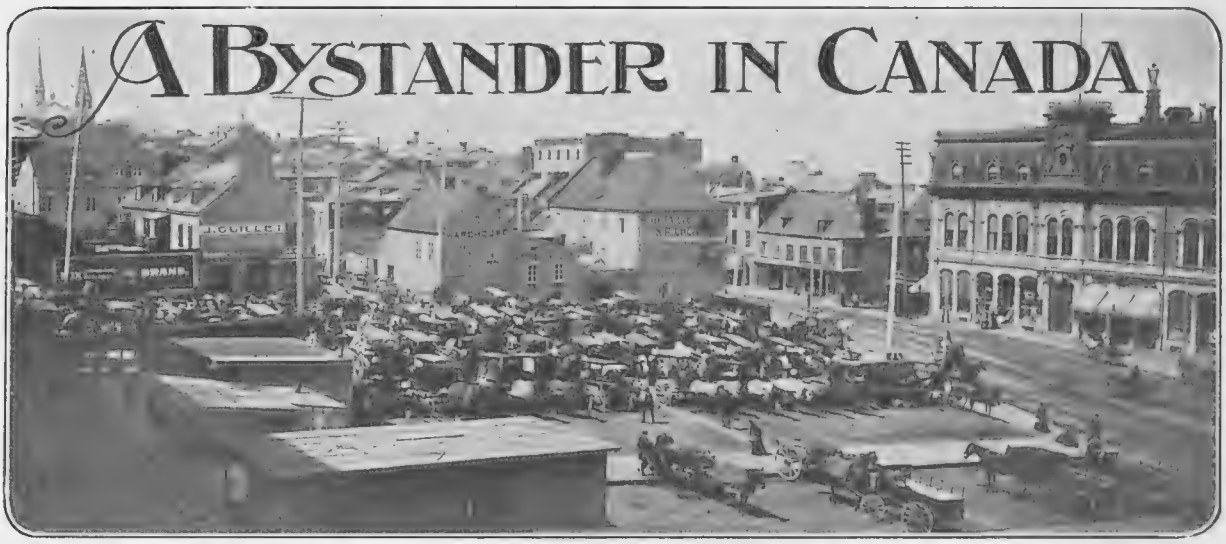
A Poem in Petticoats

AT PRESENT THE IDOL OF THE GERMAN CAPITAL

FRAULEIN LUCIE KÖNIG

Who is enchanting Berlin with a daring scena which would horrify our dear London County Council, consisting as it does very largely of pert though extremely pretty sartorial forgetfulness. She has, at any rate, an English apologist in the famous dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who last week publicly acknowledged, apropos of the admixture of "legs and tomfoolery" at the theatres, that legs are "very good things"

A Bystander in Canada



Montcalm Market, Quebec

II.—THE FIRST DAY IN QUEBEC

(Being the Record of Our Representative's Tour through that Hopeful Country)

IT is the last day of the steerage passage that is the worst. Most of us started about 4 a.m. to get our baggage and babies up on deck so as to be ready to land as soon as possible, and we sat on them for the rest of the day—sat on the bags mostly and on the kids occasionally—in what we should call at home a Scotch mist. The St. Lawrence was in fog, through which we could discern at intervals the shaggy woods and hills, and the white of the French-Canadian villages as they floated by.

Personally, I sneaked out of the crowd on the third-class deck and had the pleasure of a talk with Archbishop Bourne at the other end of the ship. He had made himself extremely popular on our deck by coming over, giving a most broad-minded address, and then getting himself escorted round all the berths and listening to anyone who had a grumble; and it is "a sure thing" that Canadians of all sorts will be delighted to see him again on the tour he is making to the West before the Eucharistic Congress opens at Montreal.

We reached Quebec about five o'clock, but few of us got through the emigration inspection and the Customs till after nine that night, and before I even landed I had offers of two jobs—one as a bricklayer, the other as a mason. I realised the need Quebec has of such workmen the next morning, when, after a sound night's sleep, I went down to fetch a trunk I had left at the docks. The roads from the docks! It's not only that they're mostly being taken up, but that they never seem to have settled down. I know, because I drove a dray up through them to my hotel. The drayman, a cheery and good-looking French-Canadian, was so gratified by my efforts to praise his horse's paces in French that he passed me over the reins, and at a fine trot we bumped over the heaps of stone and pools of mud that comprise the apostolically named roads of the lower town, he holding me into my seat on the box when we thumped through some peculiarly bad cavity.

Nevertheless, there are few lovelier cities than Quebec. From Dufferin Terrace, a great wide wooden parade high up the rock, and backed by that most picturesque of hotels, the Château Trontinal, one looks across the vast sweep of river on to Lévis, and the lofty skies that somehow seem to me already peculiarly Canadian. On this Terrace all Quebec meets in the evening—tourists and residents, millionaires, Ministers of State, and working-men. And the French-Canadian ladies trip up and down in their smartest. It is not, thank heaven, our smartest. The "conceal-me" hats have not arrived here yet, and for the rest I have a general impression of short muslin skirts and short sleeves. Pretty faces are not the rule, and that may be because complexions are far to seek. But pretty figures and small feet and hands are general.

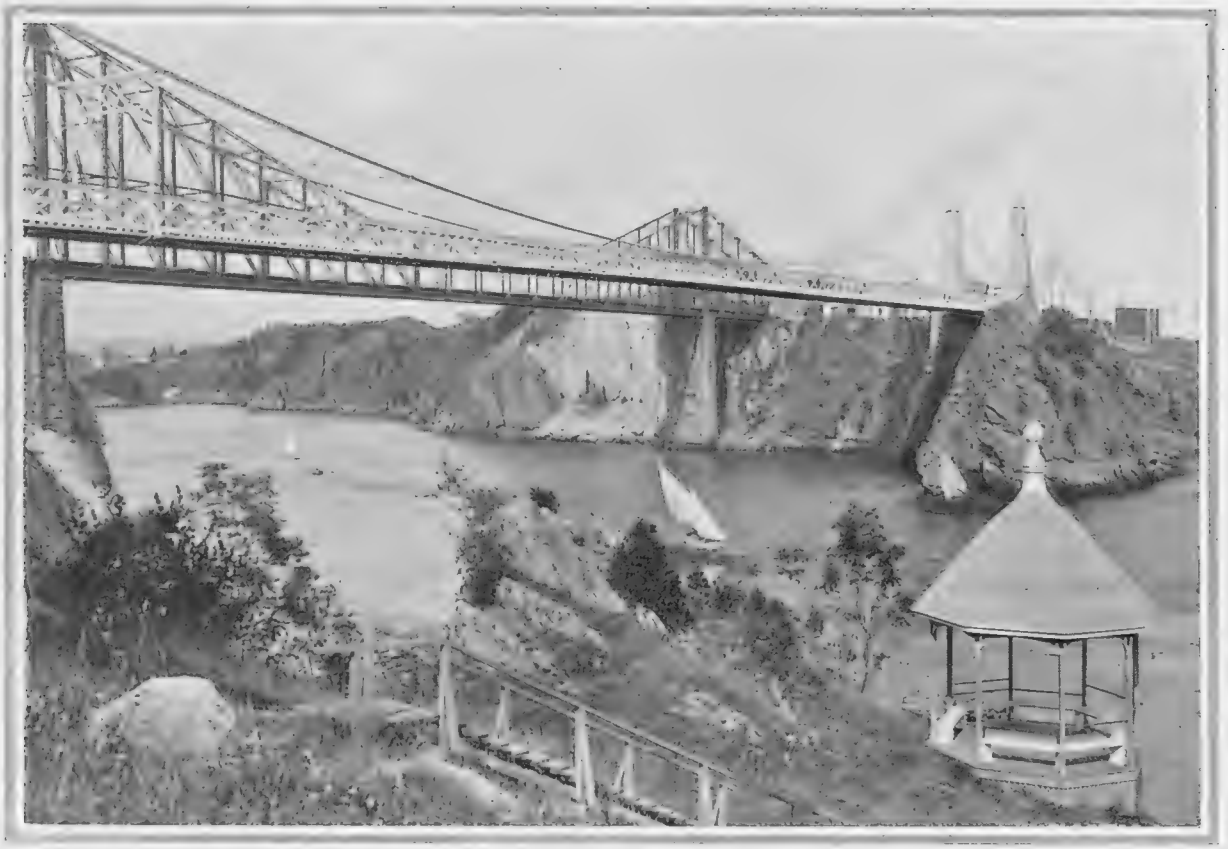
The men are short on the whole and unmistakably French. They speak English—most of them—but not with the accuracy one prefers to hear; and they use their hands like Frenchmen. There is no doubt that the figure dominating Quebec is the figure of Champlain, not of Wolfe. It is natural enough. Champlain made the apple-tart; Wolfe took it away. We have given it back again; we always do give back the things we take, but they get a little mixed in the process. And in Canada the future of things in general all depends upon whether the French-Canadian is going to pack the whole Dominion with his posterity or not.

To-morrow I intend to visit the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, the Lourdes of Canada, where miracles unnumbered have taken place, and to which pilgrimages from all parts are incessant. Meanwhile I beg to inform you that I have seen from Dufferin Terrace the most beautiful moon in the world. At first behind the trees of Lévis it appeared like a forest-fire, red and fierce, but presently it turned round and was orange-coloured, and at last silver, throwing the shadow of its glitter across the St. Lawrence. After watching it I went back to my hotel, to be told by a gentleman travelling for a Toronto packer's firm that I mustn't go and think that this was the real Canada. "Quebec, sir," he said, "is a hundred years behind the times!"

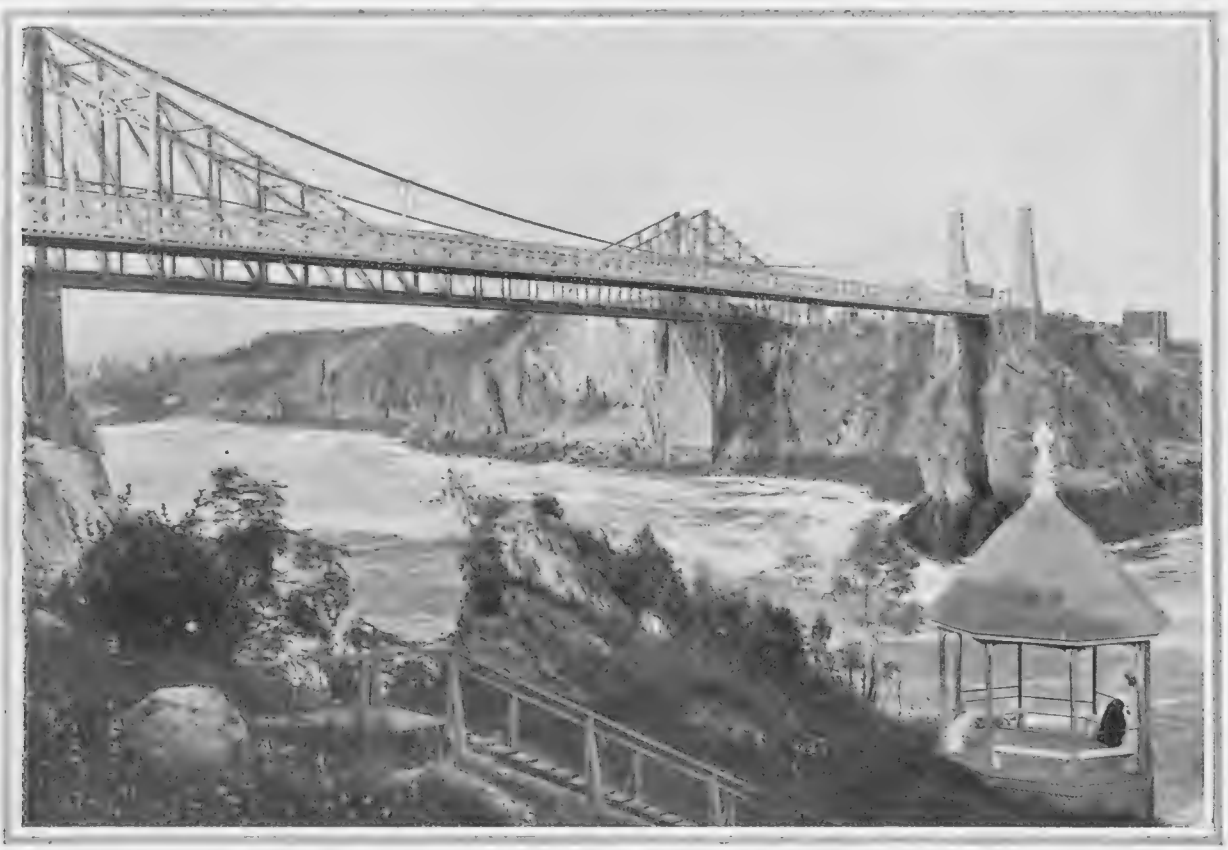
R. E. V.

Where Water Falls Uphill!

AN AMAZING PHENOMENON ON A CANADIAN RIVER



ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK: SLACK WATER



HIGH WATER ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER: WATER FALLING UPHILL!

At St. John, the commercial capital of New Brunswick, from the suspension bridge that spans the splendid gorge of the St. John River, it is possible to see the unique spectacle of water flowing, indeed falling, uphill. The same anomaly might to some extent, of course, be claimed for every tidal reach, with the tide coming in, but it is immeasurably enhanced by the fierce conflict between the mighty St. John torrent and the irresistible tides of the Bay of Fundy. The result is that at high water the river actually falls, so to speak, the wrong way, and of all the eccentricities of running water that can be witnessed in any part of the globe, this is certainly the most extraordinary. There is a good deal of luck in striking just the right moment, in a flying visit, to see this phenomenon at its best, but the hotels have tide-tables handy, and the bridge is easily reached by car, with a transfer on Douglas Avenue, at the further end of which it is situated

"Such as Creation's Dawn Be

Photographic Study by

DAYBREAK IN TH

held, Thou Rollest Now"—Byron

H. W. Nicholls

E BAY OF BISCAY

Neptune Stones the Mistress of the Seas

King Neptune is evidently a little disgusted at the wane of our superiority over other fleet-owning nations, and was caught throwing stones at Southsea Castle last week. His Majesty's anger, at any rate, takes a very picturesque form

EXTRACT THE FIRST

Newspaper dated July 15, 1960

IT is now exactly three months since what is known as the Gresham Terrace Crime was discovered. The prisoner, Paul Markham, was recently convicted of the murder of his wife. His all but successful attempt to conceal the body and blind the public to his crime has attracted considerable attention to the case. In accordance with the Crime Analysis Act of 1959, which has only just come into force, a statement of the prisoner's career and the circumstances which led up to the murder has been prepared by a famous novelist and psychologist from material supplied by the detectives and personal acquaintances of the deceased woman and her husband. This statement we now publish at the request of the police, and anyone with personal knowledge of Paul Markham and his late wife who detects any inaccuracy or unfairness in the account is requested to communicate at once with Scotland Yard. After a three months' lapse, the statement, as it now stands, or amended in the light of any further information which may be forthcoming, will be presented to the Crimes Commission, which, our readers will recall, is composed of three of His Majesty's Judges and a leading member of each of the professions of Medicine, Literature, the Theatre, and the Church. The Commission will decide purely on the report whether Mrs. Markham's murder was merely vicious or excusable. It is even within their power to find the murder justifiable. Such a verdict would entitle the prisoner, Paul Markham, to a very considerable sum of money from the Government in compensation for the imprisonment he has endured. If they find the murder to have been merely of a vicious order, Markham will be electrocuted. If they find the crime excusable, every effort will be made to give the prisoner a fresh start in life. Finally, we may recall to our readers that the real object of the establishment of this Commission was the abolition of the hideous injustice of an unbiassed judge. Every member of the Commission must by now have made up his mind as to whether Markham should suffer or go free. Paul Markham is the first criminal to escape that ghastly process of antiquity known as "Trial by Ordeal." The famous novelist and psychologist presents the following report:—

I FIRST met Paul Markham in his cell at Brixton prison a few days before the trial which resulted in his conviction. He is a pleasant looking little man of about fifty years of age. His skin is rather curiously smooth and unfurrowed, and his hair is of the benevolent grey that one likes to see on the skull of a priest. His clothes were shabby, but I noticed with appreciation the whiteness of his teeth and the cleanliness of his hands and nails. His brown boots were not brown, but the heels were not in the least worn down.

When I told him of the work on which I was engaged, he professed considerable interest. He claimed to have read certain of my books, and particularly remembered that entitled "A Star among Sinners," published (at six shillings) by Messrs. Furze and Thicket, and still, I believe, on sale at all booksellers. (Note: A paper-covered edition of this work will shortly be added to our sixpenny series.—Ed.) Curiously enough—or perhaps naturally—he disagreed with some of the conclusions I have drawn in that story—considered by many my best—and quite failed to see that the position in which he was placed was precisely similar to that of Jasper Thorndyke in the seventh chapter of my romance. But no more of the man's personality.

Paul Markham had been educated at the expense of an uncle who had robbed his father. He was sent to Wellington in the hope that he would develop military instincts, but he never grew tall enough for the army. From Wellington he made his way to St. John's College, Oxford, where he wrote essays on abstruse sciences and actually won his college billiards championship. One of the essays also won a prize. He had reached the age of twenty-three when his uncle died, generously leaving Paul the small fortune he had pilfered from that young man's father. For a time Paul travelled, with the idea of enlarging his mind. Nevertheless, when he came home he wrote a book which was never published.

It was at this time that he first met Agatha Merrilees, afterwards to be his wife—and victim. She was a strikingly beautiful young woman then, and had many admirers. She was not unintelligent, and unquestionably knew all about Markham's fortune. That Markham had no idea of marrying her two months before the wedding took place is evident from the following letter which he sent to an intimate friend. (Exhibit 73.)

"Dear James," it ran. "I have thought a good deal over what you said last night, but, from lack of appreciation of necessities, I suppose, I remain

(All rights strictly reserved)

unconvinced. I decline to reproduce myself for reasons the depth of which Shaw never appreciated. My relations with my father were too painful for me ever to desire to occupy the parental position myself. The matrimonial state, moreover, seems to me to add such violence to life. It would enormously magnify my responsibilities, and, consequently, decrease my enjoyment. I could never be alone. I should be compelled to hustle—I need not detail in what various ways. My wife's existence would constantly complicate my intentions. If I loved her, she would influence my views, and a bad woman would corrupt them. Above all, I should fail as a married man because I hate the idea of a home. Indeed, it would be a much happier world if there were no homes.—Yours sincerely, Paul Markham."

And yet two months later he married Agatha Merrilees.

The woman was more than a beauty. She was a siren. (Exhibits 84-273.) She laid herself out to fascinate Paul Markham, using every expedient known to unscrupulous femininity. Her mother assisted her as only a mother can, and the names of the two became coupled at a time when Markham, away from the woman, could not in the least remember whether she were dark or fair. (Exhibit 274.)

She secured his consent to the match by a device by no means uncommon nowadays even in the very best society. The trick is so unpleasant that I cannot describe it in the body of my published report, but an appendix detailing the whole of the circumstances will be presented to the Commission.

For a few months Markham appears to have been moderately contented with his beautiful wife. It amused him to watch her spend his money. She did this freely. She was not exactly wasteful, because everything she bought was worth its price. But the time necessarily arrived when her beauty was no longer distracting, and her utterly vain and shallow character made her companionship anything but pleasing.

To understand Markham's revulsion of feeling it is necessary to appreciate his mentality. He is well educated, of course, but he is content with that. He cannot theorise. He has no imagination. He certainly has no sense of humour—I have never heard of a murderer who had—and he is most depressingly broad-minded. He has no beliefs, and apparently enjoys a kind of Sunday newspaper agnosticism. His mother, I might mention, was the daughter of a seaside landlady, and admitted that providence always set her worrying about the cooking.

Now for this type of man, Agatha was quite the wrong sort of wife. A clever man, or, indeed, quite an ordinary man with imagination and a sense of humour, could have jogged along quite comfortably with Agatha. From her petty vices he would have derived fresh knowledge for his philosophy of life. Her shallowness and vanity, he would have insisted, were the natural corollaries to her beauty. He would have enjoyed developing her ego to the high pitch of feminine non-morality. He would have flattered her and chuckled inwardly as he watched her purr. He would have heaped sarcasm round her dainty head and been rewarded with grateful blushes and a glorious consciousness of his ineffable superiority and mental mastery over the frilled darling that every fool who entered the house adored. He might have decorated himself with the woman.

But Markham had none of these valuable attributes for making the best of a bad job. He simply felt exceedingly sorry for himself, and at every possible opportunity absented himself from his wife's society. For this she was duly grateful. He was unornamental, and she only required his money. Moreover, he was fussy, and Agatha professed to be quite unemotional. (Exhibit 276.)

In the second year of their married life, Markham went abroad on a long tour. Agatha might have accompanied him, but her husband's programme was a little too unconventional. Continental hotels she could have endured, but not caravans and camels' backs.

Paul Markham was absent from his home for over a year. Once a week he wrote to his wife, and these epistles read as if they were written with a crutch. Occasionally, in a mood of forbearance, she condescended to write to him. Here is a typical letter of hers (Exhibit 278):

"Dear Paul,—Where is El Obeid? I don't care really, but I have to rely on the post-marks to discover where you really are. Tommy Hake is having the house redecorated for me. It had to be done this spring, and I thought you could rely on his taste. Eghams are worrying over some bills, about £170. Did you order anything? I'm absolutely *certain* I didn't. Are you growing while you're away. For goodness sake don't come back brown and grizzled. —Yours, Aggie."

On his return a telegram was handed to Markham as soon as his ship was berthed at Southampton Docks. It said, "Don't return home for three months.—Your earnest friend, Dallas." (Exhibit 280.)

Markham was considerably puzzled. He hastened to London and saw Dallas. Before the latter spoke, however, he guessed what had happened. Agatha had given birth to a child.

Markham felt the blow keenly, not because he loved Agatha, but he knew that he was to a certain extent guilty. True he had asked his wife to go with him, but he had purposely schemed a tour which he knew perfectly well she could not embark upon. He should not have left a woman of her temperament alone. It was unfair to her. He very generously forgot for the time being that his wife made no pretence of having married him for anything else but his money, and that it was part of her scheme of life to conduct liaisons whether her husband were with her or not. After a great deal of broad-minded consideration, he wrote to her. (Exhibit 282.)

"Dear Agatha,—I have been told. I am sorry for you. If you—and he—wish it, I will assume the paternity of the child. We will go and live somewhere where this pitiful happening cannot be exposed.—Your husband, Paul."

Agatha did not answer. Therefore, after a few days' lapse, Paul went home. In the drawing-room he found a tall, athletic young man, whose name it is unnecessary to recall. The tall young man recognised Markham, and was for a time very disconcerted. But the little traveller, who had returned more dismally broad-minded than ever, though hurt to the heart by this blow to his pride, soon put the young man at his ease. He, Markham, could sue for divorce,

(*Continued on page 656*)

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

MR. HENRY AINLEY: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, and Miss Zena Dare, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, may be obtained from the Publisher)

(Continued from page 654)

and Agatha could join her young athlete and live happily ever after when the *nisi* had been made absolute. The tall young man was enchanted, to put it moderately, and offered Markham a cigarette with a cork tip. Markham waived it aside and lit a mild Jersey cigar.

But Agatha did not by any means approve of the arrangement. The young athlete hadn't a penny (Exhibits 284-5), that is to say he earned £260 per annum in Fleet Street, and that is just about the same thing. Moreover, Agatha, to do her justice, disapproved of the baby. She was ashamed of it, and she was furious with its indiscreet father. She did not want to see his face again, and would be most pleased to stay with her dear Paul if he would forgive her and let her have as much money as he did in the dear, old days.

The athlete was broken-hearted. He stormed out of Mount Street, raged through Grosvenor Square, rampaged through Bond Street, and hysterically entered a green 'bus. Once back in Fleet Street, he consumed a very good meal—for the middle of the day.

Paul forgave Agatha, but she would not consent to leaving London. The child had died, and, in her opinion, the shame with it. She quite expected that her tolerant husband would resume relationship on the old terms.

She was disappointed. He made an arrangement whereby she should receive half his income and left her. Agatha decided to be cheerful. For twenty years she only heard of his continued existence through her solicitors.

Of Agatha's life during those twenty years one hesitates to speak too plainly. The woman met a violent death in the end, and for all her sins one must bear that grim fact in mind. It is sufficient to record in this brief chronicle that she lived a life of selfish and vicious idleness (Exhibits 290-411.) Paul knew of it, but he did not complain. He is a man of little imagination and simple tastes, and the loss of half of his income did not deprive him of the means to obtain all that he wanted.

The twenty years passed very happily for Paul. He saw all the wonders of the world, and grew even more gregariously broad-minded. Occasionally, well-meaning friends informed him of his wife's scintillating descent into the abyss, but he had acquired a philosophy which enabled him to brush such news from his memory within a few hours of his receiving it. Then—at the end of the twenty years—two very dreadful things happened.

Markham's bank failed. The same concern had charge of the moneys of a big assurance society in which Markham was the biggest shareholder. The assurance society also collapsed. Markham, from a position of comparative affluence, descended to that of a very poor man.

He could no longer allow his wife half his income. Neither could live on half of what remained. It was necessary that they should once again live together, and it was necessary for Markham to work. He had not worked since he was at Oxford.

The indignation of Agatha may be imagined. She, of course, blamed her husband, and he, broad-mindedly, very nearly agreed that she was right. But there was nothing for it but that she should come back. She came. In a wretched Bloomsbury house they resumed the life matrimonial.

Markham got work, through the agency of his friends, in a publisher's office. His stipend amounted to £150 a year, and this, with what he had saved from the wreck, was enough to maintain them in superlative discomfort. Agatha had by now developed into a virago of the most pronounced type. Her beauty had gone, and the means whereby she might have simulated it were beyond the scope of the household purse. She constantly succeeded in making her hard-working and broad-minded husband's life utterly wretched.

He bore up under the new conditions very bravely. But he did not like hack work; had never been accustomed to it, and it affected his health. His hair turned to a silver-grey, a misfortune that provoked the bitterest ridicule from his wife.

She took to drink. He tried to deprive her of the means to buy it, but she sold the household gods and got all she wanted. Yet she was never so intoxicated as to be unable to abuse her husband when he returned to their drab home hungry and dog-tired at eight o'clock.

Markham's constitution could not bear the constant strain. He became absent-minded, once forgetting to dust a chair for a famous novelist who called at the office to inspect his account. His employers began to lose patience with him. They badgered him, under the generous impression that thereby they might redeem him and improve his mental capacity. But Markham grew worse.

One day his wife was very, very thirsty. There was nothing in the house left that was light enough for her to carry to the pawnshop. Wherefore, she took a 'bus to the City and insisted on seeing her husband. He refused to see her, and was chaffed about the incident for the whole of the afternoon by three clerks who mentally and socially were his absolute inferiors. On the evening of that day he received his week's salary, and on the way home he bought a revolver and cartridges.

On arrival at the house in Bloomsbury he hung his old hat in the hall and took a seat in the dining-room. He carefully, and a little nervously, loaded his weapon and thrust it into his jacket pocket.

He sat opposite the door. From a nail in the door there hung an almanac for the year before. While he waited he wondered if—when he fired—he would hit the almanac, and which month.

He waited an hour and then his wife entered. He waited another five seconds. She was not drunk. She had been unable to obtain money to buy any liquor.

He aimed his weapon very carefully. He hit June. He fired a second time, and his aim was accurate. The woman screamed before she was hit and groaned when she fell to the floor.

She crawled towards her husband in her death-throes.

"Oh, Paul, Paul," she cried, "why did you do it?"

Markham watched her die, and then carried her upstairs to an attic. With a diabolical cunning, which his most intimate friends did not suspect him of possessing, he concealed the body under a piece of canvas. (Exhibit 415.)

A few days passed and people began to inquire after Mrs. Markham. Where was she? The local tradesmen and the publicans asked about her. Paul

(Continued on page 658)

A Bonny Yorkshire Lass

MISS BETTY GREY
A Yorkshire girl, who is on tour with Mr. George Edwardes' "Merry Widow" Company. She is one of the Maxim Girls, and a very pretty débutante

(Continued from page 656)

told them all that she had gone away for a holiday. Then some suspicious person informed Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard interviewed Markham, but he persisted in his story. Scotland Yard was not exactly satisfied, and decided to keep Markham under observation. The next day he disappeared. A week later the police invaded the house and discovered the body. After a brief pursuit the murderer was caught at Clacton.

Such is the story of the murderer and his victim, compiled throughout with the earnest desire that in the end justice will be done.

EXTRACT THE SECOND

Newspaper dated November 1, 1960

The Crime Commission yesterday presented its verdict in the Gresham Terrace Crime. Our readers will remember that a man of the name of Paul Markham was accused of the murder of his wife. The decision of the Commission (which included three Judges and a leading member of each of the professions of Medicine, Literature, the Theatre, and the Church) is here given in full.

We have read and carefully considered the analytical report and have come to the unanimous conclusion that Paul Markham murdered his wife. We have inspected the exhibits and find them in order.

In making up our minds as to whether Markham should be executed or not, we have had conscientiously to weigh the amount of provocation he received and the effects of a pronouncement in his favour on prospective criminals. If Markham be condemned to death, on the surface it will appear that a grave injustice is being done. If he be released, there is likely to be wholesale slaughter in the suburbs and garden cities where long-suffering husbands abide.

Markham killed his wife because she drove him to desperation. Herein he was wrong. He should never have allowed her to drive him to desperation. All his life he played the rôle of complacency. While the money lasted, she went her way and he went his. In poverty their ways had to run parallel. It was an almost impossible proposition. Hence the misery which resulted in the murder.

We condemn Paul Markham to death.

He has our pity, but the sanctity of marriage and home life must be preserved. We condemn him not because he murdered his wife six months ago, but because he *did not murder her many years before.* There shall be no more hen-pecked husbands. The reign of woman must end. The wronged husband must either divorce or murder. In the long run, the latter way is best. But it must be done quickly, as Shakespeare urged long ago. Men like Paul Markham, who tolerate and thereby foster and encourage long-spun iniquity, are brakes on the wheels of civilisation. They cannot be allowed to interfere with the world's progress. There are tears for them but no false sympathy.

(Editorial note: The electrocution will take place at Brixton on the 12th inst.)

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Photograph] **An Idyllic Retreat: A Charming House at Little Comberton on the River Avon** [*B. Flatau*

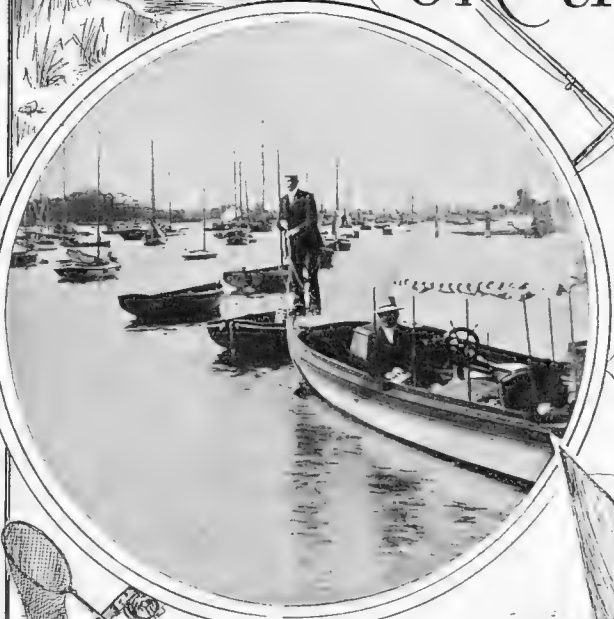
The Amateur Dramatic Season Opens

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM

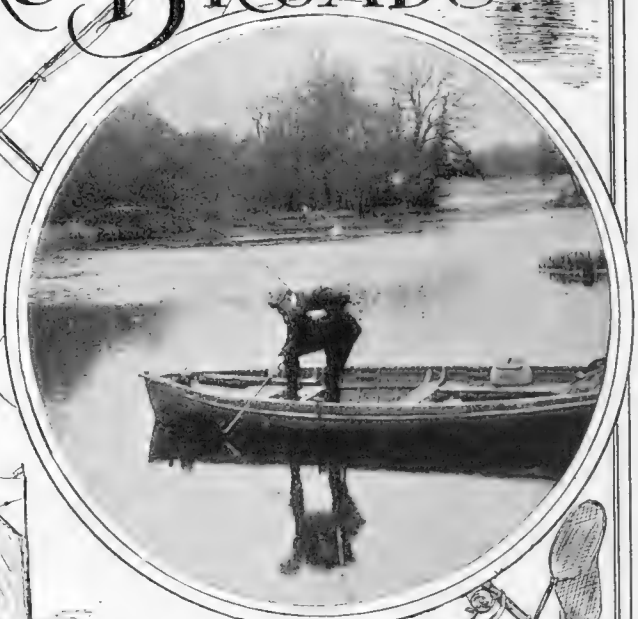
What the audience heard: "Darling! At last! What rapture!"
What they didn't hear: "Take care you don't catch my cold, old girl"

Autumn Fishing on the Broads

Fishing on a Norfolk Broad



Oulton Broad In Regatta Week



Gaffing a Pike at Oulton

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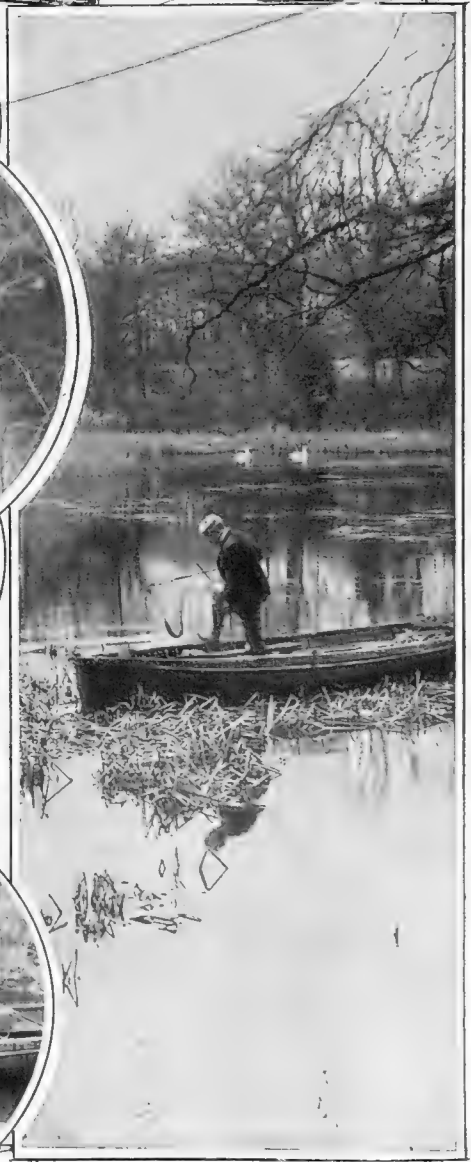
Photographs

A Bend of the River: Thorpe St. Andrews, a Picturesque Spot Close to Norwich

Two Nice Pike



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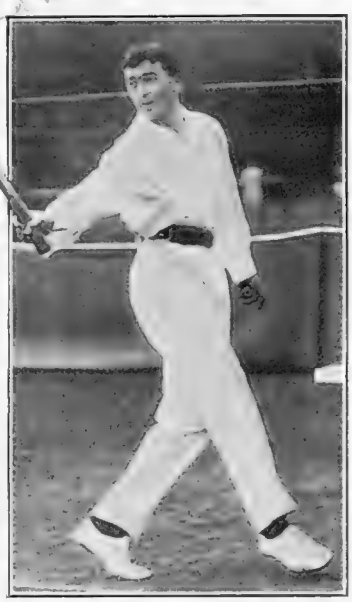
Leonard Willoughby

A Good Lawn Tennis Season

Only a week or two ago it was my task to say farewell, with some words of warm commendation, to the cricket season of 1910. Now it is grass lawn tennis that is going, and I am glad to be able to pat it, too, on the head as we part. I am not going to try and make out that it has been a really sensational season. We don't seem to have America's luck in suddenly producing Wild Men from the West like T. C. Bundy this year, who go in for their first national championship because they happen to be on the spot, and only just get knocked out in the fifth set of the challenge round. But if, owing to our lack of backwoods, we can't go quite such a splash as that, we have at least shown this season that we have some young blood that can beat the old, and also that the game possesses that touch of glorious uncertainty which goes to make a perfect sport.



A. E. Beamish
One of the most stylish among "England's hopes," who created a sensation at Eastbourne by defeating Ritchie, but failed to maintain this form

Some Shocks in the South

The best of all in this way was kept for the end, for Eastbourne, which only came to its close last week, produced some of the biggest surprises of the season. There was Beamish's victory over Ritchie, which came just as my last week's words on his improved form had gone to press. That was in itself food enough to last sensation-lovers for one meeting, but it was followed next day by the defeat of an even greater man in Gore, his victor being Arthur Lowe, who, I think, may claim to be the man of the moment, so firmly has he planted his feet this year upon the highest rungs of the ladder. He scratched to the elder brother in the final, but though Gordon Lowe usually beats him in Singles, and in this very meeting had put out Dixon and the Canadian Powell, "A. H." is beyond doubt the better man, both in tactics and temperament.

The Old Guard Surrenders

There are other bogey-beaters on the list. Ritchie—who, perhaps, lost his best chance of the Championship when he let Gore go after having him all but beaten last year—seems fated to succumb to stylists on their day out, for his defeat by Beamish followed one the week before by W. C. Crawley, who also has all the shots, but can't always make them. I had almost forgotten the greatest joke of the lot—E. R. Allen's giving Gore a sixth in the Veterans' Singles at Eastbourne and beating him hollow! For last year's All-England Champion to accept a sixth in a Veterans' Handicap was evidently just a little too much for the gods. But "E. R.," who seems to be just now at his zenith, gave Providence some very useful help.

W. C. Crawley
Another of Ritchie's conquerors, his victory being gained at Brighton. He has a perfect style, though his form is inclined to be patchy

Coming into the Limelight

There are some other very valuable players, who made or increased their reputations this year. "J. Zedd," for instance, who won at Brighton, and whose play bears a striking resemblance to that of J. Zimmerman, victor of Kenneth Powell at Warwick and a prominent figure at Edgbaston. Captain Davies, the Army champion, after taking the Singles at Worthing and Teignmouth, came on to Brighton and Eastbourne. At the first he beat R. B. Powell, and at Eastbourne, though the Singles were a little too hot, he held his own among the best in the Mixed, and also reached the Doubles semi-final. W. L. Clements and A. R. F. Kingscote are two of the brightest and best among the younger generation.

A. H. Lowe
Who shows more of a "coming-on" disposition than anyone else among the younger players. He beat Gore at Eastbourne in straight sets

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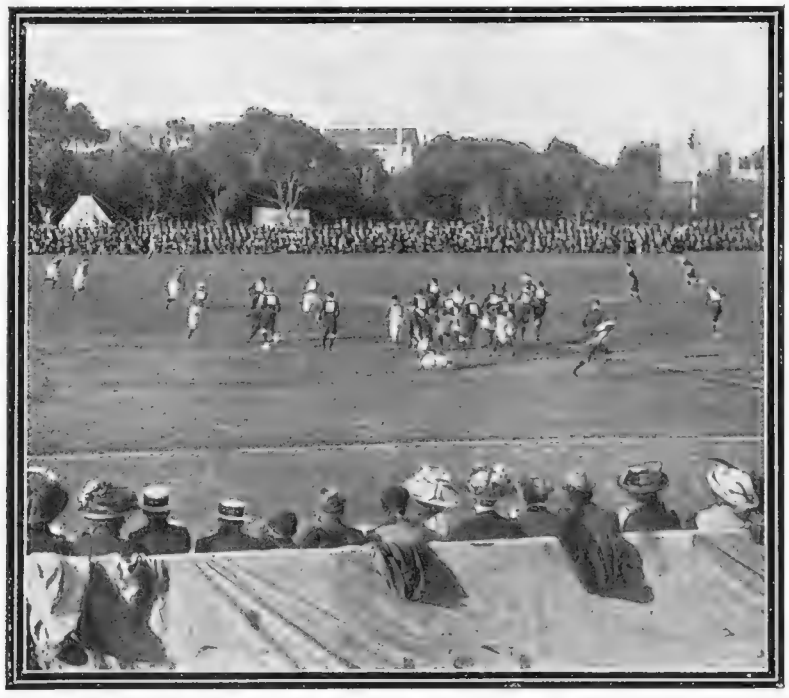
RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Kick-off in the South

Football treads hard upon the heels of cricket and lawn tennis. With the professional Soccer players the season is already in full swing, and by the time this issue of THE BYSTANDER sees the light of day the amateurs under both codes will have started operations. Thanks to the undoubted revival which English Rugger underwent last year, the opening stages of the current season will be watched with the keenest interest and with fond hopes that the advance made last year will be maintained. In the Metropolis all eyes will be turned to the Harlequins, whose splendid record last year was at once the envy and admiration of their rivals. Under the able leadership of A. D. Stoop they developed into a team in the true sense of the word, not a mere collection of units. There was cohesion and purpose in their game, and originality in their plan of attack, and though they were lucky in having so many crack men in their ranks, it was the play of the team as a whole that won them their matches. Insensibly the example they set was copied by other teams, and it is not too much to say that last season the standard of Rugger in London and the South was higher than it has been for many a day.



A Rugger Test Match: All Britain v. South Africa
A view of the second international contest, played at Port Elizabeth, in which the British team defeated the home fifteen by 8 points to 3

A Bright Prospect

So far as I can gather, we are in for another equally interesting season. Prospects are good all round, and where old hands have dropped out there are capable recruits to fill the gaps. Blackheath and Richmond are bent on getting level with the club that somewhat overshadowed them last year; the London Scottish will again be a fine side; the Old Merchant Taylors are capable and enthusiastic as ever; and, in short, wherever any of these teams or the best of the Hospital and the other "Old Boy" clubs are on view, we are pretty sure to see Rugger worth watching.

GOLF

Golf in the Isle of Wight

For many years the title I have used for this paragraph connoted golf at Bembridge, and at Bembridge alone. The course at Bembridge has been famous from its very institution as taking rank with the Felixstowe course, as one of the two best nine-hole courses extant, ever since the unhappy day when the lovely Deal course was extended. If my memory serves me rightly, the commencement of golf in the Isle of Wight was due to the pioneer spirit of some members of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, who, in the early 'eighties, were instrumental in laying out the ingenious nine-hole course on the narrow strip of land at Bembridge. In this case, as at Felixstowe, nature has prevented a fine nine-hole course from being turned, as is so often the case, into a dull and inferior eighteen-hole course.

An Ideal Course

I had not played at Bembridge since the middle 'nineties, some years before the invention of the rubber-cored ball, and I found, as I feared, that the new ball has somewhat spoiled the length of the holes. But in spite of this there is no lack of charm about the golf. The greens are the same beautiful, small, undulating greens of yore, while each hole has variety and demands careful play. On a quiet day, when only few are playing, Bembridge is still an ideal place for a day's golf, and in the 7th hole possesses one of the best one-shot holes that I know, the green being accessible by a very narrow port between a bunker on the right running under the green and a rutty road on the left.

The Sandown Links

The seed planted at Bembridge has spread all over the island, and there are now courses at Chale, Cowes, Freshwater, the Needles, Newport, Sandown, and Ventnor—eight courses in the holiday island to gladden the heart of the holiday golfer. Of these the most important course is the one situated close to the Sandown railway station, laid out by James Braid with all his customary skill and cunning on a fine common. The total length of the course is 5,838 yards, and the player will find at the end of his two rounds that this length will have satisfied his utmost requirements. There is really not a dull hole in the entire round, and there is plenty of variety in length, from the long 10th, which is 581 yards long, to the cunning little 13th, which is a short pitch of 99 yards up the Majuba hill on to a charming green at the top. The round ends up with a splendid dog-leg hole, a fine finish to a good beginning. The 10th tee is close to the club-house, so that parties can start either there or at the first tee, according to convenience. The greens are beautifully kept, and are not too large, and the good putter will have an enjoyable day at Sandown. The ground throughout is of the right sort.

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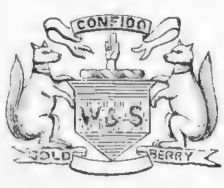

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How Long Should a Novel Be?

An instructive discussion has been raging in the *Westminster* on the length of novels, and my contemporary is to be congratulated on its enterprise in securing so many interesting opinions from authors. As one of the public (*not* invited to express opinions in the *Westminster*) I certainly have no desire for any arbitrary length to be fixed for the novel I read, and should resent any such fixture as a dangerous development of the censorship. But neither do I agree with Mr. H. G. Wells in his arbitrary claim that the length of the novel is a matter to be decided *in camera* between the novelist and high heaven; that the public is to shut its eyes and open its mouth and take what it gets. The reader has a perfect right to state what he can stand; and the person to whom he conveys his intimation is the bookseller. When publishers more or less agree in favour of a limit of 100,000 words, they are speaking for the public, and should be heard.

Exceptions to the Rule

This, however, refers, no doubt, only to the average jog-trot novel, such as has to be written by the author who makes a living out of it. If Mr. H. G. Wells, or Mr. Joseph Conrad, or Mr. Arnold Bennett, or any other licensed weaver, like to spin the yarn out half as long again, that is for them to decide. Nobody can stop it. Or, on the other hand, if W. W. Jacobs, or Frank Richardson, or Pett Ridge, who think rather in brevities, like to turn us out something of 50,000 words, there again, why stop them? The length of a novel depends on whether it is written to absorb or merely to amuse. In either case, it should last just as long as the interest of its readers. He who is shorter or longer may be a genius, but he is a bad artist.

"The Carven Ball"

A detective story without a stage detective! What a luxury! Mr. John Haslette, through the medium of Messrs. Digby, Long (6*s.*), has provided us with this novelty. The very word Camorra calls up memories of vendettas, and with the Mafia and the Black Hand we are familiar. In this book we have the operations of secret societies in England, tracking down the renegade, slaying him, and trying to escape punishment by means of the most modern appliances. Truly a book full of thrills and absolutely glittering with incident. Carefully sifted, *The Carven Ball* would provide material for at least three long novels, each of which would be well up to standard. The cleverness of the author is proved, however, in the fact that though he has every chapter crowded, he never makes a surfeit. He is a cook who knows exactly how to arrange his menu so that all may be consumed. Those who like a mystery and like it well dressed will find in *The Carven Ball* a mental meal quite to their taste.

Miss May Wynne
Whose new novel, *Mistress Cynthia* (Greening: 6*s.*), is reviewed on this page

"Mistress Cynthia"

Miss May Wynne has produced a very dainty little novel in *Mistress Cynthia* (Greening: 6*s.*) which gives us a glimpse of the troubles arising from the activities of the Jacobite faction in the time of Walpole. Those were the days when a gentleman, to quote Miss Wynne, "could kill his man, eat his dinner, and go to the play without so much as turning a hair." The novel deals with spies and Secret Service messengers of this period, and if the device of making Jacobite fall in love with Loyalist lady and *vice versâ* seems a little strained, well, the action of the novel does not lose by it. Those who love the romance of the old Fleet marriages will find a fairly accurate account of how those were managed in the old days. The historical part of the book is sound, and Miss Wynne writes in a very flowing style, a rare accomplishment when dealing with the dry facts of history. Taken all round, the book is well worth reading, and serves to pass several very pleasant hours.

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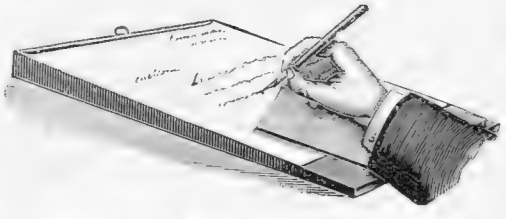

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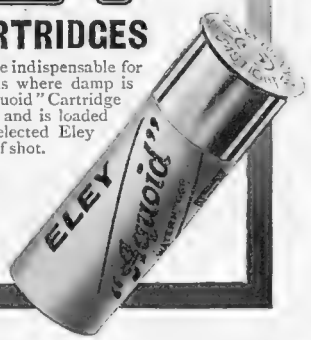

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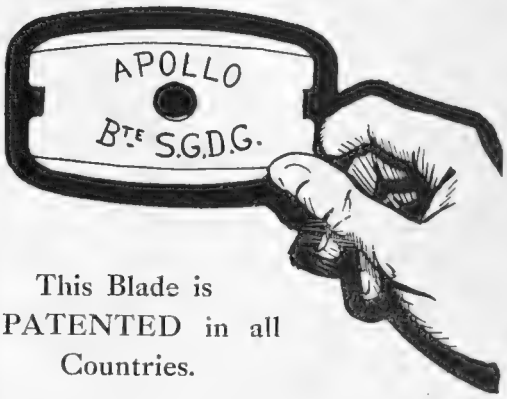

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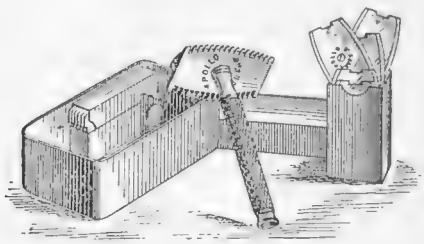

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SHOOTING: PHEASANTS AND BAGS

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

A Party of Guns Coming Out of Bohemia on Lord Abergavenny's Estate

IT was, I think, generally agreed by shooting men that the season now commencing would prove to be a good one for grouse and pheasants, but a bad one for partridges. So far this forecast has been correct, and though in some places there may be a few coveys of partridges, there is nothing approaching the number to be expected in an average year. These continued wet summers are a very serious matter, so much so, indeed, that the preservation of this superlatively good game bird will have to be taken in hand in real earnest. Those partridges which have so far been bagged since September 1 are mostly old birds, a fact which shooting men will appreciate as a clear sign that the young ones nearly all perished through the wet. The pheasant nowadays is so entirely hand-reared—at least on shoots of any account—that if even a bad laying and breeding season is experienced, stocks can always be made up to the required number from game farms. I have said it before, and say it again, the number of pheasants on an estate are just what the owner is prepared to rear or—to put it in blunt language—pay. It is not a cheap amusement; in fact, an estate on which many thousand pheasants are artificially reared means considerable outlay in wages, food, and the hundred-and-one incidental expenses which continually crop up.

If an owner tells his keeper he desires 1,000 pheasants in the wood, 500 in that covert, 250 in another, and so on, it is simply the keeper's duty to see they are there. If the estate will not provide the necessary eggs to produce the required number of pheasants, he simply has then to buy eggs or poults later on. It is purely a matter of expense and the amount an owner is prepared to pay. I am coming to the conclusion that it is best and cheapest to buy the majority of one's stock each year, as poults six weeks old at least. These can be purchased from *3s.* to *3s. 6d.* each. One is then certain of chicks nearly over the most critical period of their lives. There is no question of unfertile eggs, and there is six weeks or two months' feeding of chicks. It thus saves labour, food, and anxiety. On most estates a certain number breed wild, and on a few all are left to breed in this way. It is, of course, the cheapest way to rear stock. It is well known, however, that hen pheasants are but poor mothers, and are not good at rearing large families, while as for the cock bird, unlike the cock partridge, he does nothing to help his family.

But the partridge is an exemplary bird; he has but one wife, and to her he is absolutely faithful, and to his children a mother—if unkind fate should snatch her life away. The death rate is far higher in wild-bred pheasant chicks than those reared under foster-mothers. This is easy to understand, simply from the fact that wild-bred chicks are exposed to wet and cold weather, vermin, foxes, and ills of all sorts. Hand-reared chicks are protected to a great extent, and can be doctored if gapes or other illnesses attack them. Therefore, it is only on estates which rely on wild birds alone that much anxiety is felt if the weather is unfavourable at breeding time. This year the weather down south began well and birds laid freely. But we know how soon in June the weather broke up, how thunderstorm after thunderstorm deluged the country at the critical time. It simply wiped out partridges in some parts, and it must have killed endless pheasant chicks as well. We have a truly wondrous climate in these present days; we are not surprised now to find a snowstorm on Midsummer Day, or a heat-wave on Christmas Day. At first we were bewildered, but now we are beginning to expect it, and we merely shrug our shoulders like our friends across the water, raise our eyebrows, and ejaculate "Courage!"

RACING NOTIONS: Autumn Doubles. BY CARBINE

After Bronzino

After Mr. J. de Rothschild's colt Bronzino I look upon Last Call as the probable winner of the Cesarewitch. Whether he would have won at Hurst Park recently if his bit had not slipped out of his mouth when he was nearing the finish is a point on which we can only form the merest conjectures. But his splendid effort at Newbury last week showed conclusively enough that Last Call is a genuine stayer. It was a triumph for Frank Wootton's artistry when he got up just on the post on Admiral Togo III., beating Last Call by the narrowest of margins. I hardly think that Last Call will beat Bronzino, but at his present odds—16 to 1—he looks quite well worth supporting. I have also a fancy for Verney's prospects in the Cesarewitch. That he is a real stayer I feel convinced, and the penalty which he will have to carry should not seriously affect his chance.

Some Suggestions

For the Cambridgeshire I have hopes of Mustapha, but he is reported to be coughing, so for the moment we had better leave him out of our calculations. Electra is now at her best, and if Mr. Neumann saves her for the Cambridgeshire she will certainly be a most formidable candidate. But this fine filly has an important intermediate engagement—the Duke of York Stakes—and people who back her for the Cambridgeshire will naturally be uneasy until the Kempton race is over, as if she won the latter her chance at Newmarket would be virtually extinguished by the heavy penalty incurred. Halcyon is a Cambridgeshire candidate of great possibilities. He has been running in a lot of comparatively small races this season, and running very well. Some say he will not be "class" enough for the big handicap, but I should not be surprised if he repeats the success which Land League achieved in similar circumstances a few years ago. Lonawand, Spanish Prince, Yellow Slave, and Torbay are other Cambridgeshire candidates whose chances appeal to me, but in the present instance our choice must be limited. So I give you

Last Call and Halcyon: Verney and Electra

as likely doubles. In one case you should get 150 to 1, and perhaps 250 to 1 in the other.

This Week's Racing

Although he has to concede a good deal of weight, Lemberg appears to dominate the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday, and I expect him to win. The Kingsclere stable may be worth following on Wednesday, as Waugh may win the Triennial Stakes with **Winkipop**, the Hopeful Stakes with **Mary the Second**, and the Boscawen Stakes with **Wrinkler**. Against this treble it is, I suppose, big odds, but individually the Kingsclere horses look well. On Friday **Marajax** may win the Newmarket St. Leger, and **Land League** the £400 Handicap.

"A Turf Topic."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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SPORTS COATS

We have made a special study of Knitted Sports Coats, and have now in stock a very large assortment in wool, silk, and mercerised cotton. Our silk-knitted Coats are specially attractive. They are the most useful garments imaginable, and are suitable alike for dressy occasions and town wear, as well as for the seaside, the river, travelling, outdoor sports, and foreign seaside resorts. They have the style and effect of a perfect-fitting, tailor-made garment, with the comfort and warmth of a négligé wrap.

Hand-knitted Sports Coat (*as sketch*), beautifully made from soft, fleecy wool, suitable for both slender and stout figures; 36 inches long, in black, white, and colours **29/6**

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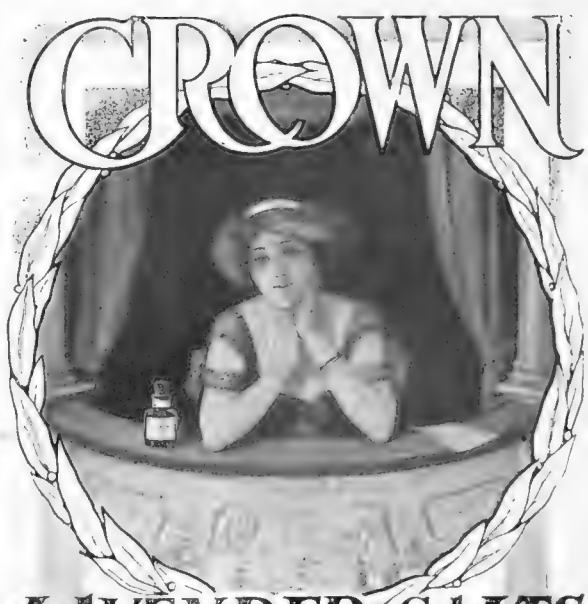

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The Autumn Show

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GOUT, RHEUMATISM, ECZEMA, LIVER, KIDNEY, and all such Disorders can be Cured by a course of these Wonderful Salts.

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NEW AUTUMN BLOUSES

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(Regd.)

SILK

This new Chinese washing Silk is of heavier texture and more brilliant appearance than the ordinary Japanese Silk. Its soft Crepe de Chine finish makes it especially suitable for Autumn Blouses. The under-mentioned is an example from our varied stock of Blouses, and is made in the new Silk.

Shirt *(as sketch)* in 'Sunshing' Silk, gathered into well-fitting yoke, finished with tie, and linen turnover collar and cuffs. In black, cream, and all the new colourings. **Sent on Approval.**

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Small Car Racing

The Coupé des Voiturettes gave us a great race and a rather startling illustration of the progress of engine design and power development. It gave us, also, the mortification of seeing the British Calthorpe team (which, upon cylinder dimensions, could hardly have won in any case, and merely entered for a consistency and reliability record) put out of action one after the other by the sheerest of bad luck and for no engine defect whatever, until at half-distance England had no representation at all. The victory went to Zuccarelli, driving a Spanish car practically unknown in this country—the Hispano-Suiza. From this little four-cylinder engine, which, by R.A.C. rating, would be of approximately 10½ h.-p., over nearly 300 miles of road of varying character, an *average* speed of more than 56 m.h.p. was obtained! Two or three years ago it would have required an engine of anything from four to eight times that nominal power to secure the same result, so swiftly has development proceeded—particularly since the virtue of lengthened stroke was discovered. It seems quite hopeless to attempt a forecast of the limitations of pigmy power; but we can legitimately remark in passing that, although we should doubtless, and in time, have reached the present stage of achievement without, it has been the race, and the struggle for engine efficiency which a race foments, that has hurried development along at such express speed. For which cause we again have occasion to deplore that road contests have been rigorously expunged from the British automobile calendar. We arrive in this matter ultimately, and there is ground for satisfaction in that, but we arrive at the tail of the foreign manufacturer, and that does not give us furious conceit of ourselves.

'Planing the Alps

"There shall be no Alps," said Napoleon, and went through in hope of victory. Instead of which, he met a certain Sir Arthur Wellesley. But that is another story. The aviators—Chavez and Weymann, and Taddeoli and Wiencziers—who for many days awaited an opportunity to cross the Alps by aeroplane, seemed lacking in the faith that moves mountains. They could not even will the mists away, and were impotent before the swirl and suck and undertow of fierce currents which, breaking against mighty peaks, being hurled back into the hollows to merge with other baffled winds, finally escaped in tempestuous disarray to make their presence and powers felt to such uncomfortable purpose that Chavez found 6,000ft. too beggarly an altitude, and was exceedingly glad to get back to his starting place whole, after the worst wind-gruelling of his short career.

Blazing the Trail

The Alpine aviators were discovering that the conditions only grow more harassing with the height and prolixity of the peaks which have to be crossed. I had small doubt about the ultimate success that waited upon pluck and patience, and Chavez in getting across so splendidly did no more than realise expectations. Some one had to get through if the potentialities of aviation under adverse conditions were to be adequately demonstrated. If we cannot negotiate a mountain range the limitations of human flight become very sharply defined.

'Planing the Alps

The hangars of the aviators waiting at Brigue for an opportunity to cross the Alps

Types of English Manhood—(1).

THE K.C.

smokes State Express Cigarettes because with all his keen judgment he cannot detect a flaw in their quality.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

mark a distinct class of smokers. They are chosen by men who would not dream of smoking ordinary kinds. State Express are the cigarettes of quality for men of taste.

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Sole Manufacturers: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LONDON.

THE DUNLOP TYRE CO., Ltd.,
Aston, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.

"Gimme a Dunlop 'Junior,'" says the plus player on a windy day.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

KROPP

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

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REAL HAMBURG GROUND

RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

Black Handle	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop	7/6
Ivory Handle	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

However, we are in no position to talk of final impossibilities at this stage of development—hardly of the impossibilities of the present form of machine. And certain it is that if the planes and power available had proven insufficient for the Alps, others would have been constructed. We are at the flood of investigation and experiment, and there is no other way. The fliers at Brigue, successful or unsuccessful would have been doing their best work as pioneers. They were just blazing the trail for us.

A Really Smart Car

15 h.-p. Straker-Squire with Cabriolet Coupé body, built to the order of Alfred Bennett, Esq., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C.

The Rape of Beauty

A letter just received from Mr. Paul Brodtmann, of the Continental Tyre Company, serves to direct attention to a much-discussed subject—the rape of rustic beauty to wit. It is claimed, most properly, that the sense for landscape effect which motorists share with every other section of the community, but which, owing to the means of road travel at their command, they are able to indulge to a much greater extent than most people, is outraged quite unnecessarily by the flaunting pronouncements of this age of advertisement. Mr. Brodtmann's statement that they are "an eyesore and a disfigurement" is a true bill. The statement comes the more graciously because it also incorporates an admission that the Continental Tyre Company has been one of the principal offenders, and closes with an undertaking to remove any of the firm's signs which may, in the opinion of the local residents, be held objectionable. I fear we may not hope that the other advertisers concerned will follow so excellent an example. It is a far cry still to Utopia. But that simply makes the Continental Company's offer stand out the more effectively, and calls for the heartier acknowledgment by all motorists who are also nature-lovers.

Miscellanea

The appointment of the Dunlop Co. to the high favour of motor-car tyre manufacturers to the King is a gratifying acknowledgment of the quality and craftsmanship of this popular tyre. Mr. Harvey du Cros is, apparently, and naturally, exceedingly pleased by the Royal selection, and has conveyed his pleasure to his employées in a letter calculated to inspire them with even greater enthusiasm for their work—if that be possible. Any way—heartiest congratulations.

The two six-cylinder noiseless Napier cars exhibited at the Brussels Exhibition have gained the highest award, Grand Prix.

The exhibit staged by Messrs. Pirelli at the Brussels Exhibition has brought the gratifying and well-deserved reward of the Grand Prix for their tyres.

The Brooklands programme for the mid-week meeting to be held on October 5 is quite a crowded document. Eight car and two motor-cycle races are scheduled, and, in flying, a time flight event and the completion of the competition for Mr. R. C. Neilt's cup. The handicapping is again largely based upon observed speed as against cylindrical capacity. Altogether, the promise of a great afternoon.

For Medical Motorists

The new White Steam car of 15 h.-p. with a notably neat Medicann body

P. G. R., THE POPULAR MOTOR SPIRIT OF THE SEASON. Suits any make of car and is obtainable at all leading garages.—Write for nearest depôt and particulars to PETROLES DE GROSNYI (RUSSIE), 101, Leadenhall St., E.C., or 94, Market St., Manchester.

PRATT'S PERFECTION SPIRIT

THE SPEEDOMETER TELLS

of the power-giving properties of Pratt's Perfection Spirit, of high average speed and uniform running.

Clean, cool engines, no overheating, no misfiring, and splendid power on hills, are some of its other good points.

TRY IT ON YOUR NEXT TRIP!

White Steam Cars
White Petrol Cars

¶ What price do you want to pay for a motor car, and how do you want to pay it ?

¶ You can pay for your car in many ways. A low initial cost may mean that your first motoring expense is a comparatively small one—but what about the years to come ?

¶ We have one of the largest and best-equipped motor factories in the world, and could make any grade of car with equal facility.

¶ Why does not the White Company make a cheaper chassis—a chassis that sells for less than £385—the price of their cheapest product ?

There's a reason !

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Carlow St., Camden Town, London, N.W.

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A SMALL PLANT LIGHTS AN ENTIRE MANSION.

Those desiring a perfect system of lighting will find "IMPERIAL ACETYLENE" to carry out their every requirement.

"IMPERIAL ACETYLENE" possesses the following advantages:

The plant is small and compact, requiring practically no attention.

The light is soft and steady.

It is absolutely safe, and is as cheap as oil.

It is entirely free from smell or dirt, and is easily installed without damage to existing decorations.

It is as suitable for a cottage with four rooms as a mansion with a hundred.

For full particulars, apply

IMPERIAL LIGHT, LTD.,

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VERITAS MANTLES

COMMENCE THE DARK DAYS WITH VERITAS

THE BRITISH-MADE GAS MANTLES.

Consume less gas, give brighter light than any other.

Upright, from 3½d. Inverted, from 4½d. each.

OF ALL DEALERS.

WHOLESALE ONLY: THE VERITAS LIGHT CO., LONDON.

By MRS. JACK MAY

ANOTHER week, or at the most two, and the autumnal portals will be flung wide open, and all the carefully laid modistic plans revealed. In these breakneck days there is little time for reticence. Ideas are conceived, formulated, and given away to a public—ravening after change and variety—all in the space of a few weeks. The outset, however, has clearly evidenced a determination to run more or less on individual lines.

"We are not touching the excessively tight skirt" is a verdict I have met over and over again, chiefly among the better-class tailoring fraternity, who, on the other hand, are equally enamoured of a broad box-pleat back, whereas certain big and unquestionably influential *couturières* are showing, with an air of conviction, skirts that are barely one yard in circumference. In connection with these, a fancy to be noted is that of a separate over-back width, which undoubtedly gives an appearance of flow, welcome enough in lieu of better. But of actual comfort there is none, the wearers having to mince along.

Although I should like to speak with decision at this early date, some prophetic instinct, nevertheless, tells me the slim, high-waist evening frock will sway the large majority. While distinctly of the First Empire in silhouette, the *modes* I have seen have, one and all, been invested with some individual character that is yet indefinable. The tiny bodices, for example, are nearly all draped and extremely transparent, the sleeves, or some slight shoulder covering, coming out of these draperies. "A delicious little rag, is it not, madame?" an enthusiastic *couturière* observed the other day, holding up in one hand a wisp of a gown fashioned of black and La France blue *ninon* and dull gold Byzantine embroidery. The corsage comprised a narrow, crossed *fichu* of black *ninon* that fell quite low over the arms, this supplementing an under of minutely tucked black tulle illusion.

A Beautiful Fur-Lined Coat at Messrs. Dunhill's

Built of a very light-weight fleece cloth, lined with squirrel lock, and completed by a handsome beaver collar

Satine Feutre and Satine Janus

On these two slightly differing fabrics favour is already running at fever-heat. Both are a vast improvement on the ordinary silk back, wet-looking satin, which first broke the ground in the tailoring world, and both are wool-back. But whereas *satine feutre* is a rough-surfaced cloth, *janus* is smoother. This, it will be clearly understood, refers to the back or woollen side. Also, *janus* is almost double the price of *feutre*. Outwardly, however, it is impossible to tell "t'other from which," and, broadly speaking, satin tailor-mades are going to be one of the furores of the season.

The most prominent advantage of *satine janus* lies in the fact that the smooth, woollen-cloth back can be worked up alternatively with the satin. Most original and pleasing effects are wrought after this manner, and costumes created that ask for little extraneous decoration. Another quite fresh recruit to the fabric range is cloth *ratini*, which is something between the once popular "pilot" and blanketing cloth. Zibiline, too, is unquestionably

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 356.—Vol. XXVII. Wednesday, September 28, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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In an interesting old town, a few minutes from main line station. On high ground, with extensive views.
IN A QUIET ROAD IN THE BEST RESIDENTIAL PART OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.
About an acre of well-laid-out and secluded gardens, with tennis lawn. Good stabling.
All modern conveniences, electric light mains quite close. Gas and Company's water laid on.

28 MINUTES EXPRESS FROM TOWN.—To LET, or for SALE, a very attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, erected specially for the present owner, and situate

WELL BACK FROM THE ROAD.

Lounge hall, fine drawing room (26ft. by 17ft. 9in.), conservatory, excellent dining room (30ft. by 16ft.) opening to verandah, library (18ft. by 13ft.), servants' sitting room, good offices, spacious landing, 6 good bedrooms (and two more convertible out of boxroom if required), dressing and bathrooms, linen cupboards. Good brick-built stabling, with man's room over.

INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED

by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

750FT. ABOVE SEA. SANDSTONE SUBSOIL. INVIGORATING AIR.

LEITH HILL AND DORKING (near church and post; 1½ hours by motor from Hyde Park Corner).—Attractive RESIDENCE, in the heart of pine woods, within a mile of top of Leith Hill, from whence one of the finest views in England is obtained. Beautiful garden 3½ acres with old timber trees, tennis lawn, summer-house. Motor-house or stable. House contains: large lounge hall (36ft. by 18ft.) with oak panelling and handsome oak staircase, dining room (23ft. by 21ft.), drawing room (22ft. by 20ft.), library, and complete offices, secondary staircases, 2 large and 6 smaller bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms (h. and c.), 4 servants' bedrooms. Stands off direct line of traffic. Excellent roads. Good water supply. TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for long or short period, in thorough repair. Rent moderate. Immediate possession. — Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

GRAVEL SOIL. GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT. LARGE ROOMS.

SALISBURY (near; 1½ miles from a station).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE with

Hall (21ft. by 12ft.), dining room (21ft. by 15ft.), drawing room (22ft. by 17ft.), morning room (20ft. by 15ft.), 6 large bedrooms, 3 smaller bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, study, usual offices.

Stabling. The gardens and grounds are well laid out, and include conservatory, vinery, croquet and tennis lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, and meadow-land, in all ABOUT 6 ACRES.

Fishing in a stream running through the Property.

GOLF 2½ MILES DISTANT.

—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON A WELL-KNOWN ESTATE.

Only £60 per annum, nicely Furnished.

LEWES (near).—Charming Week-End Cottage (available from October, beautifully situated, 1½ miles from a station, amidst perfect country and absolute seclusion). 7 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bath (h. and c.). Stabling etc. Pretty garden.

BOATING AND FISHING.

—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

£2,000, FREEHOLD (near Henley-on-Thames, in a picturesque, quiet village, close to the river and station). — For SALE, or might be LET, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with a most delightful interior. Lounge hall, 2 reception, bath, and 9 bedrooms, 2 staircases, etc. Garden with tennis lawn. Main drainage and water supply.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HUNTING WITH VINE AND S. BERKS.

Grand Views over Pamber Forest and Fox Hills.

READING AND BASINGSTOKE (between).—Unfurnished, on Lease, picturesque Gothic RESIDENCE in excellent order, standing high on gravel and sand, facing South, and heated by hot water. Quite secluded in

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD GROUNDS

and parklands of nearly 23 acres. Double carriage drive. Entrance and inner halls. Fine double drawing room, dining and smoking rooms, complete offices with servants' hall and man's room. 12 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom.

NEW STABLING AND HEATED GARAGE,

with room over. Delightful old-world gardens, including 3 full-sized tennis lawns, 2 kitchen gardens, rose pergola, magnificent yew hedge, orchard, meadow-land with small farmery, etc. 2 greenhouses. Social amenities of the best. Rates low.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

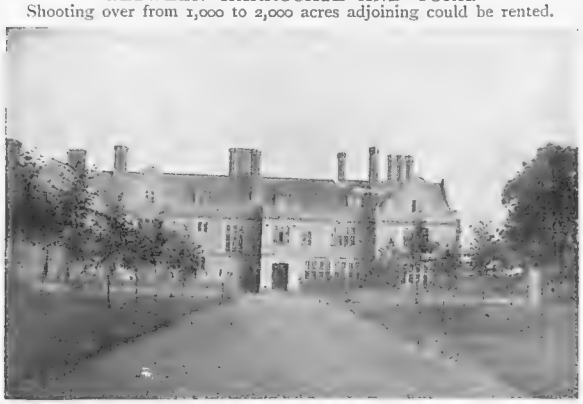
By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"GALLOPS HOMESTEAD," DITCHLING, SUSSEX (2½ miles from Burgess Hill Station).—A delightfully quaint RESIDENCE, built chiefly of red brick and timber, with thatched roof, approached by a drive nearly a ¼ mile long.

The House contains: LARGE PANELLED LOUNGE HALL, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-rate offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house, 2 men's rooms, etc.; the gardens are most tastefully disposed, and include 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, pergolas, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; SMALL MODEL FARMERY, with cowsheds, pig-styes, etc., and 5-ROOMED COTTAGE, meadow and woodland, in all 54 ACRES. To be OFFERED by AUCTION, early in November.—Illustrated particulars, when ready, of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARREN, MURTON and MILLAR, 45, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BETWEEN HARROGATE AND YORK.

Shooting over from 1,000 to 2,000 acres adjoining could be rented.



TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 178 acres, including the above beautiful modern Mansion, of Elizabethan design, standing in a prettily timbered park of about 100 acres, and fitted with every convenience and comfort. Accommodation: splendid suite of 6 reception rooms, with some beautiful oak panelling, 23 light bedrooms, dressing rooms, and bathrooms; electric light installed; stabling for 8 horses; historic sixteenth-century monk's house; model farmery; first-rate hunting, fishing, and golf.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (2,665)

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, for the above artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,761)

50 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

DELIGHTFUL VIEWS OF THE LEITH HILL RANGE, BOXHILL, AND THE DORKING VALLEY.

TO BE SOLD, a finely timbered RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 177 acres, comprising a fine old House of

ABOUT THE XVIITH CENTURY,

surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds and parklike lands of 177 acres, through which it is approached by a long avenue of forest trees, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 5 reception rooms of excellent dimensions, 24 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, with coach-houses, etc., and coachman's cottage. The grounds are quite a feature, the large extent of woodlands providing delightful walks; lakes affording boating and trout fishing.—Plan and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,442)

KENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, on annual tenancy, a charming COUNTRY HOUSE, situated in about 100 acres of undulating parklands, beautifully timbered and wooded, 2 miles from station and 43 miles from London. THE RESIDENCE is handsomely furnished and modernly fitted, containing: spacious dining, drawing, breakfast, and morning rooms, billiard room, library, and boudoir, 12 capital bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and w.c. THE DOMESTIC ACCOMMODATION is most adequate, comprising servants' hall, kitchen, butler's pantry, and a range of dry cellaring; acetylene gas throughou t; also coach-house, stabling for 4, with man's room over, laundry, etc. THE GROUNDS are tastefully laid out with lawns and flower gardens, and there are well-stocked and productive kitchen garden, 4 glasshouses, and prettily situated fish ponds, with boathouse and boats; shooting over about 200 acres, 65 acres of which are capital cover; the sanitary arrangements are perfect, and there is an excellent supply of water.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

435FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON DRY SOIL, COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above artistic, well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position. The accommodation comprises: panelled lounge hall, billiard, 2 reception, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas; excellent supply of water; well-fitted laundry; stabling for 6; large coach-house and 4 good rooms for men; cottage; picturesque gardens and grounds, rose garden with flagged terrace walks, tennis and croquet lawns, and productive kitchen garden.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,798)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

Telephones: 1505 Mayfair, 3645 Gerrard.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "Waltons, London."

CHARMING AND VALUABLE

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

OF

72 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.

Midway between

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

Medium-Sized

COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.

Two Cottages.

Near Two Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.

Two miles from a town and station.

Inspected by Walton and Lee, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,571)

OXFORDSHIRE (in the centre of the Bicester Hunt, about 2 miles and 3 miles respectively from Bicester Stations on the G.W.R. and L. and N.W.R., and within 4 miles of Finmere Station on the G.C.R.)—The very valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as the

"STRATTON AUDLEY HALL ESTATE,

comprising the above widely known mansion house, for many years the residence of Masters of the Bicester Hounds, including the late Lord Chesham, splendidly timbered pleasure grounds with first-class stabling for 22 or more horses, a gentleman's hunting box known as "The Thatched House," with stabling for 11 horses; 2 capital small holdings and 3 convenient blocks of accommodation land; first-class hunting and golf.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the King's Arms Hotel, Bicester, on Friday, September 30, 1910, at 3 o'clock, as a whole, or in lots as under (unless previously sold).

Lot	a.	r.	p.
1.—Stratton Audley Hall, grounds, and stabling	9	2	20
2.—Hunting stables, house, and paddock	4	0	27
3.—The Thatched House, grounds, and stabling	7	3	38
4.—Accommodation land	19	1	32
5.—Ditto	25	3	37
6.—Ditto	55	3	39
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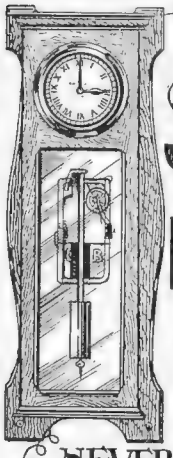

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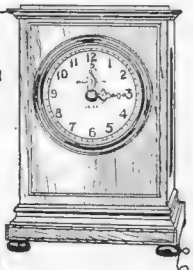

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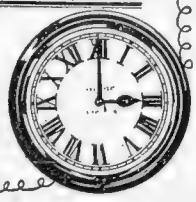

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FURNITURE

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It is thus that furnishing has become an art, and a very delightful art, that makes its appeal at once to æsthetic and to antiquarian proclivities. To succeed in it demands a store of knowledge to be acquired—like all other knowledge—by study and observation; to fail in it is easy, and failure—as in most other things—generally waits upon those who under-estimate the amount that

is to be learned. The pity of it is that by the time the failure—total or partial—is discovered, there is usually a houseful of furniture, and whilst in some cases it is simply costly to go back and repair the errors of ignorance, in others it is impossible, and we are doomed to continue our existence in a *milieu* which increased knowledge has rendered distasteful.

It is not only acquaintance with individual pieces that is required—the knowledge that enables one to discriminate between the genuine antique and the spurious, or between a good copy and a clumsy one, as the case may be; further than that, an acquaintance with grouping is necessary if we are to achieve an atmosphere proper to the specimens themselves, and that atmosphere, it will be found, is as important—for its secret lies in the general effect—as it is elusive.

Let, therefore, those about to furnish, who have decided to follow the present movement in favour of old designs, seriously ask themselves whether their knowledge and judgment are so complete and perfect as to place them beyond the need of guidance in the matter, and if they discern in themselves the slightest doubt on that score, let them have recourse to the guidance of an expert of established reputation. Of such there is none I can more heartily recommend than Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, whose services are ever at the disposal of those who may need them in this connection, and who are imbued with all that enthusiasm for their art which marks the genuine artist. They have behind them generations of experience, for years they have been collectors of the antique, and the groupings of furniture to be seen in their showrooms and the very decorations in which these groupings are set reveal how thoroughly they are imbued with the spirit of the various epochs which they have set themselves to reconstruct, whether with actual antiques or with the most perfect reproductions that it is possible to find. Nowhere, perhaps, is their profound knowledge and feeling so apparent as in these reproductions, which are not merely slavish copies of single specimens—such as abound—but pieces which, whilst retaining every feature of the age to which they are peculiar, are yet full of individual character of their own—pieces, in short, which any of the old masters of cabinet-making might have been proud to have produced.

A visit to Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's showrooms (217-218, Tottenham Court Road) is a pleasure and an education which I can recommend to my readers, particularly to those about to furnish.

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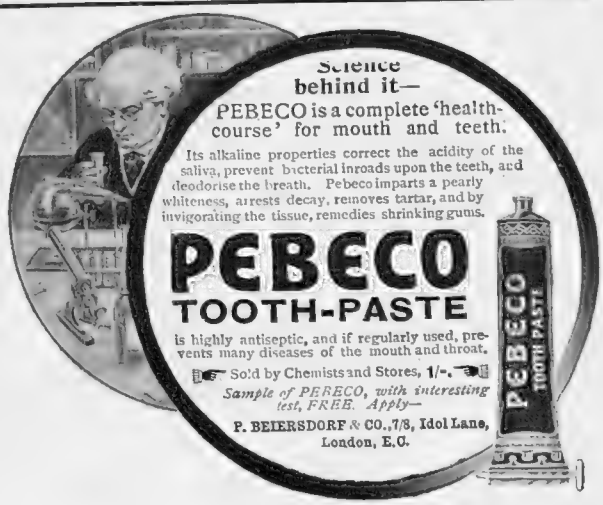

in the van, a very direct avoidance throughout being made of face-cloth.

Messrs, Dunhill, 2, Conduit Street

Having created themselves the hub of the motoring world, Messrs. Dunhill have only themselves to thank for the unremitting demands made for their services. Winter or summer, the same *va-et-vient* goes on at Conduit Street, each season bringing its particular claims and demands. With the advent of colder weather comes fur-lined coats, a special range of choice having thus been arranged by Messrs. Dunhill, from out of which was selected the accompanying pictured example.

This cosy and practical wrap is built of an extraordinary light-weight fleece cloth, lined with squirrel lock, and completed by a handsome beaver collar, the armhole being large and specially planned, so that the coat can be slipped over anything. At the back a strap imparts an added shapeliness, Messrs. Dunhill having achieved in this model a clever alliance of generous width and smartness and an avoidance of bulkiness.

In place of the ubiquitous motor-bonnet a turban toque is provided, one fitting well round the head and made of beaver cloth, and merely ornamented with two handsome *choux* of shaded satin ribbon, the long *ninon* veil being included in the price of 45*s*.

For another of their extremely practical coats, built on kimono lines, and consequently very roomy, Messrs. Dunhill are employing a drencher-proof cloth lined satin to the waist and finished with a natural musquash collar. The sportsmanlike aspect of this model makes a very direct appeal, while a navy broadcloth coat, lined natural musquash, and bearing a collar of nutria beaver, presents a singularly shapely appearance, thanks to a panel devised back and front. At 2, Conduit Street there are hosts and hosts of such coats to choose from, every taste and demand having obviously been taken under the deepest consideration. Such is the superiority of the specialist.

John Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 188, Regent Street

Proceeding at the moment, and creating, as it fully deserves, a considerable amount of talk, is an exhibition of lace at the above well-famed establishment. Genuine lovers of *dentelle* will find a rare feast for enjoyment, the bulk of the lace shown comprising exquisite examples of Irish crochet in its every diversity, Limerick and Carrickmacross. In several instances, notably the sweet little child's frock of fine Limerick illustrated, together with two sumptuous bridal veils and several robes, the pieces were recently awarded first prizes at the Arts and Industries Exhibition in Dublin, a fact that naturally enhances their value. An orignal feature of particular interest is the varying and strengthening of the Carrickmacross lace with Limerick stitches. This, if I remember rightly, occurs in one of the above-mentioned veils. There are only two, as I have said, of these, and they are so unique in quality and beauty they are not likely to rest long on the order of their selling. It may be added that the prices asked are singularly moderate.

A Child's Frock in Limerick Lace, Value £6

One of a number of pieces which gained first prize for John Wilson's Successors, Ltd. (188, Regent Street), at the Arts and Industries Exhibition, Dublin

A further interesting item of the show comprises some heavy Irish lace by the yard. This is specially prepared in a width suitable to the stoles, which are mounted on chiffon and trimmed with fur, a really admirable provision. But the story is altogether a too exhaustive one to tell in anything approaching adequate detail. And 188, Regent Street is so accessible to the world of shopping women.

Quite within recent days a ladies' outfitting department has been opened here. The lingerie is especially comprehensive, and includes all the best-known varieties, particular charm attaching to some hand-made and hand-worked Madeira underwear, beautifully fine and delicate productions, and yet of greater stability than the lavishly trimmed lace confections. Messrs. John Wilson's Successors are to be heartily congratulated on this auspicious opening of their fresh departure.

Kennington Theatre

The Thomas Beecham Opera Comique Company opened at the Kennington Theatre on Monday for a two weeks' visit. The programme this week is : To-day (Wednesday) at 8, *Tales of Hoffman ;* Thursday at 2, *Tales of Hoffmann ;* Thursday at 8, *Die Fledermaus ;* Friday at 8, *Tales of Hoffmann ;* Saturday at 2, *Die Fledermaus ;* Saturday at 8, *Tales of Hoffmann.* This is not a provincial company, but the actual company and orchestra from His Majesty's Theatre. On the opening night Mr. Beecham presented each lady patron with a full pianoforte copy of the famous "Barcarole" from the *Tales of Hoffmann.*

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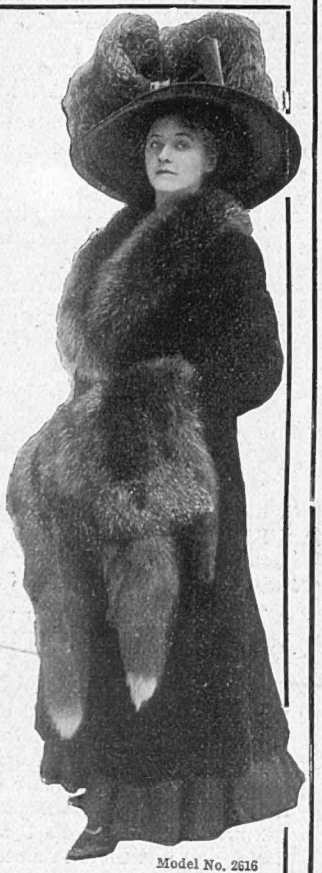

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Lx. 17

The Menu: WHOLESOME DAINTY DISHES

Beetroot Cream

A delicious and inexpensive soup can be made with the help of a cooked beetroot, if treated as follows: Take one quart of good brown stock, 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour, one large cooked beetroot, half a stick of celery, half a gill of cream, salt and pepper. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, and cook it without browning over the fire for a few minutes. Add the stock, or use milk and water, if you have no stock. Stir this over the fire until it boils. Peel the beetroot and cut it into shreds; wash, trim, and shred the celery, and add both to the stock. Boil the soup with the lid on for about half an hour, not more, or the colour will be spoilt. Strain the soup through a sieve, and rub enough of the beetroot through to give it a nice colour. Season carefully, add the cream, and heat it up thoroughly without letting it boil again. Serve the soup in a hot tureen.

Fricasseed Cutlets

Flour some mutton cutlets lightly. Fry a sliced Spanish onion and three or four tomatoes seasoned with pepper and salt; then put in the cutlets and fry till nicely browned; remove them, place in another saucepan with the tomatoes or in a casserole dish. Strain the gravy from the onions, thicken with a little flour, and cook for ten minutes, or if in the casserole in the oven, half an hour would not be too long. A little macaroni or spaghetti cooked separately and added to the dish before serving would be an improvement.

Stewed Rabbit

Cut a rabbit into joints, cut 2 or 3oz. of rather fat bacon into small pieces, melt 2oz. of butter or dripping in a stewpan, then put in the bacon and fry for three minutes, take it out, and put in the rabbit joints, and leave till nicely browned, turning them occasionally; then sprinkle in a tablespoonful of flour, stir well, and pour in half a pint of stock or hot water, put the bacon in again, add a wineglassful of cooking sherry, pepper and salt to taste, and one large onion and a bunch of herbs (a sprig of parsley, some thyme, and a bay-leaf tied together). Cover the stewpan closely, and simmer gently for one and a half hours. Turn the pieces once or twice and shake the stewpan occasionally to prevent the rabbit sticking to the bottom and burning. Five minutes before serving it, put in the liver cut into four. Serve neatly, with the gravy poured all over and round.

Vegetable Marrow and Mince

Cut off the ends of a good marrow, and scoop out the inside; fill this with any nice mince, skewer on the ends again, and bake or steam gently till the marrow is soft. Send to table with a thick brown sauce over and round it. Cucumber can be used in the same way.

Tripe with Soubise Sauce

Tripe is a thing that is very much despised as a rule, but if properly cooked it is really delicious, and one of the easiest things to digest. It is generally bought dressed and par-cooked. Wash it well in salted cold water, then put it into a saucepan with either milk or white stock, and let it simmer for at least an hour, then take it out and cut up into small pieces. Put it in a pan again with some Soubise Sauce. Simmer it in this for about twenty minutes more and serve.

SOUBISE SAUCE.—Peel some onions; blanch them, drain, and put them in a stewpan with water or stock to cover them; simmer gently till the onions are done; then reduce with the same quantity of white sauce as there is onion, add a little pepper and salt, pass through a sieve, and add to the tripe.

EMILIA.

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For Growing Children, Dyspeptics, Brain Workers, Aged People and Invalids.

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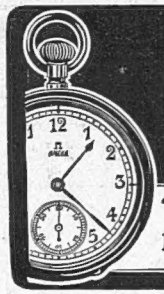

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18 "	" 18 "	2	1	14	2	13	4
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TALK No. 3

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If your liver is right your stomach is right. That is surely the truth. If you have Wind, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Constipation and its kindred ills, don't blame your poor old stomach. You see the liver is the chemist's shop of the body, furnishes the chemicals which, mixed with the food, puts it into condition to be taken care of by the stomach and bowels. Your liver is torpid, inactive and does not produce enough of these chemicals, and your stomach and bowels notify you of it, and you say you have Dyspepsia or Constipation, or both, and so you have, but first of all you have had an inactive liver, and that is what you must cure to be well. Take **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** to-day—at once. They do touch the liver, but they act so gently, you hardly know they are at work. No drastic movement follows their use to strain and injure the delicate membrane of the bowel. No stomach pains or sickness. Try them. They will give you new health and strength. The clean tongue, clear eyes and good red blood of perfect health.

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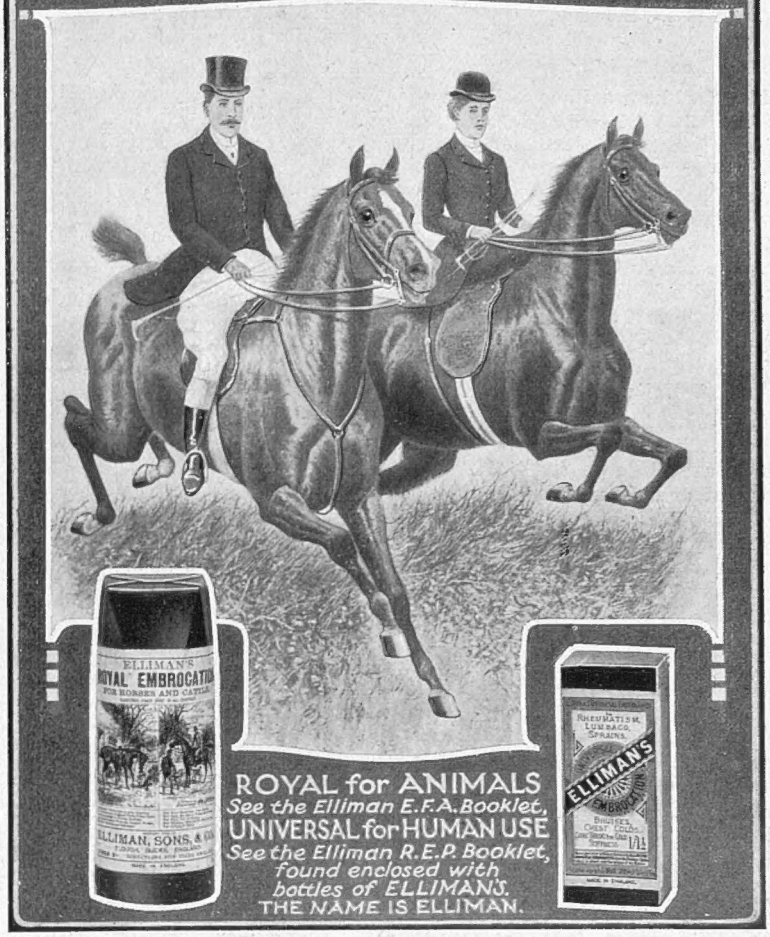

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The Editor's Box

Broadway Theatre

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Speckled Band* should prove a tremendous attraction at the Broadway this week. All South London will flock to see the play.

"Blue Bird" Sermons

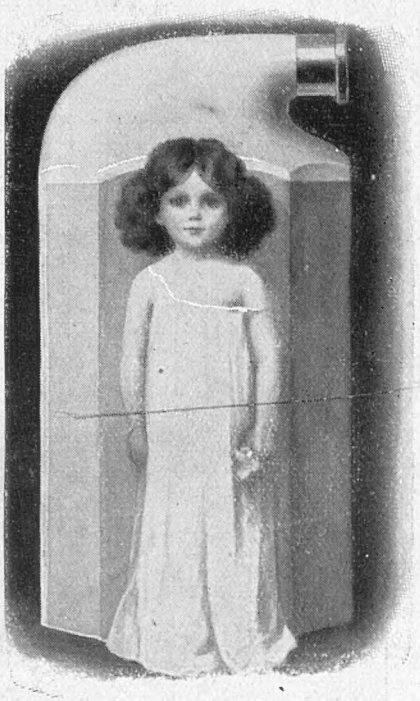
Three well-known Liverpool clergymen have chosen *The Blue Bird* as the subject of their sermons for Sunday, and in Leeds, where the play was performed the week previously to crowded houses, a deep impression was made by a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Hargraves on the text of Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* message, that in unselfishness is found the best happiness.

A Delicious Cocoa

I have been favoured with a sample tin of Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa. This is a real food, and is largely prescribed and strongly recommended by doctors, as it contains, in their proper proportions, the most vital constituents of nourishment. It produces none of the harmful effects of tea or coffee, nor the biliousness which follows the use of plain milk. Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa is an ideal food for growing boys and girls, professional and business men, and is the lightest diet with fullest nutriment for aged people and invalids. Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa is composed of the nutritive extracts from selected malted barley and wheat, combined with pure, rich cows' milk pasteurised, and the extract of choicest Ariba cocoa, and is sold by all chemists, or it can be obtained direct from the Company in *6d.*, *9d.*, or *1s. 6d.* tins.

Odol: The Children's Friend

Most children have an objection to their teeth being cleaned, and it is with great reluctance that they submit to the operation. This is not altogether to be wondered at, for many



The Well-Known Odol Flask

of the preparations which an adult may be able to use with impunity are either hurtful to the delicate mouth of the child or disagreeable to the taste. The Odol dentifrice has entirely changed the attitude of children towards this most essential act of cleanliness. Its taste is so mild and delicious, and its effect so refreshing, that the little ones hail with delight the sight of the Odol flask morning and evening. There is nothing so important for the health of the child as that the first teeth should be kept scrupulously clean, and retained as long as possible, in order that the permanent teeth may have time to grow and develop to the best advantage, and when they are men and women the strength and beauty of their teeth will testify to the advantages of the early use of Odol. There are two flavours of Odol—"Sweet Rose" (mild) and "Standard" (strong).

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It has long been known that the most serious consequences have frequently resulted from the use of solid magnesia. Numerous and well-founded objections are also urged against the use of the carbonates of soda and potash. But this highly efficacious and elegant preparation possesses all the properties of the powdered magnesia, while it is perfectly harmless, and is preferable to all others as an antacid and aperient medicine. The superiority of Dinneford's Magnesia over every other alkaline preparation in cases of gout, rheumatism, etc., is indisputable, owing to its solvent action on uric acid. It forms a cooling and most grateful drink during fever or in hot seasons and warm climates when mixed with spring water.

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See Medical Times, June 26, 1909.

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